THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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ST. PATRICK IN ROME.

The Memory of Ireland's National Apostle Appropriately Honored in the Eternal City.

Some Entertaining Incidents.

[*Roman Correspondence Dublin Freeman.*]

Wherever else there may have been any clouds over the celebration of St. Patrick's Day, there were no clouds on that day in Rome, no discords, no sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh. St. Patrick's Day was celebrated in a manner which ought to be gratifying to all true sons of St. Patrick all the world over, however they may differ for the time being over other matters. On that day the first mass was said in the first church in Rome which, as an Irish National Church, is dedicated to Ireland's apostle and patron saint, and on that day also was opened the new college which the Irish Augustinians have erected under the patronage of St. Patrick. Prior Glynn, a bunch of shamrocks fastened upon the breast of his soutane, stood at the threshold of this capacious college—stood upon a great harp entwined with shamrocks, set in the venetian pavement of the hall—welcoming the numerous company that responded to his invitation. Cardinals and monsignori, heads of colleges, heads of orders, distinguished laymen and clerics of nearly every nationality—but Irish, Irish-American, Irish-Canadian, and Irish-Australian of course prevailing—thronged the cloisters and hastened, before proceeding to the church where high mass was about to be celebrated by his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, to mount the badge of St. Patrick in the shape of a bunch of real Irish shamrocks, a plateful of which, together with a paper of pins to fasten them on, had been thoughtfully provided on a table in the corner. It was strange to see a stately personage from the Vatican with a bunch of "the real thing"—"none of your clover," as a hearty young student whispered to me in an accent which was itself the real thing from Tipperary—to see this stately personage with

THE "DEAR LITTLE, SWEET LITTLE SHAMROCK OF IRELAND"

flourishing aggressively beside his pectoral cross and his bands of crimson. When Dr. McGrath, of Clonliffe College, who has accompanied Archbishop Walsh from Ireland as his secretary, appeared in the hall, a group of young fellows rushed at him and literally waylaid him. They had been pupils of his at Clonliffe, and he and they plunged into such absorbing and animated confabulation that I fear Dr. McGrath's secretarial duties must have been sadly interfered with for the rest of day. What with the prevalence of shamrock, with the harps which Prior Glynn has had paved in all directions into his Italian floor, as if he were bent on making the soil Irish in spite of itself, and what with the Irish faces and the Irish voices all around, there was no mistaking that the day was the 17th of March. It was harder to realize that it was not in Dublin or Cork or Thurles one was, but in the Eternal City, in the city of Popes and Cæsars, within a pistol shot of the Pincian loved of Lucullus, and on the very ground of the Luodvisi, which Prior Glynn has not scrupled to abet the barbarians of the *municipio* in vandalizing—in honor of St. Patrick and of Ireland *bien entendu*.

The prior was in his glory, and though he did not look it he must have been a proud man in his heart that day. All this was his work—this honoring of Ireland's national saint in the Holy City—this establishment in Rome of a genuine *pied a terre* for the Irish race, for that is what the project will eventually amount to, if I do not greatly mistake. It is Prior Glynn's work; it is his idea; to him, before anyone else, belongs the credit of the undertaking—as Archbishop Walsh said in his speech at the *dejeuner* afterwards, the prior thought of doing what no one else, bishop or archbishop, thought of doing before. I would add that no one could have been chosen more fitted for the task, more capable of carrying the idea to all its possibilities, than the genial, adroit, big hearted prior. What Prior Glynn is doing is enabling Irishmen to feel at home in Rome. I shall never forget my own experience when I first visited Rome—ill, wearied, and lonesome from the constant sight of foreign faces and a sound of ceaseless foreign tongues. One lucky day I resolved to call at San Carlo al Corso, where the Irish Augustinians in Rome have their temporary home since the demolition by the *municipio* of their old house beside the Tiber in the Torre di Nona. Straightway I was taken possession of, and Rome from that moment became for me an altered city.

THE COLLEGE

which was opened on St. Patrick's Day and the site for the national church stand in the midst of one of the healthiest and most fashionable quarters of modern Rome. Here were the gardens of the historic Villa Ludovisi, which the devastating municipality, in its mania for modernizing old Rome, or rather the Rome of the Popes, for the Rome of the Pagans it displays a respect which is equally fanatical—has delivered up to the builders of hotels and palazzi. Sites go at fancy prices here, for the quarter is on a healthy eminence, and some of the Roman nobility having selected it to build themselves new palazzi there it has already become quite fashionable. How did the Irish Australians, it may be asked, get hold of so delectable a spot for their new college, and for the Irish National Church, of which they are to be the custodians? Very simply. The fact that the *municipio* had marked out for destruction the delightful old Torre de Nona in which the former convent of the Augistinians was situated—the fact that all these wonderful old houses by the river facing the Castle of St. Angelo, which forms so picturesque a setting for St. Peter's, the views with which all the world are familiar, were to be swept away to make room for a brand new Thames embankment—furnished Prior Glynn with an opportunity which he availed of in a manner which was only to be surpassed by the strategy by which he got possession of the country monastery of Genazzsane in spite of the resolution of the government that it would never again fall into the hands of a religious community. The opportunity was availed of—I need say no more—and with the price which the Irish Augustinians obtained for their old convent, they were able not only to build a new one but to obtain a site for it and for the new Irish church of St. Patrick in one of the most sought after quarters in Rome. The college is a stately building in the solid Italian style. The interior is cloistered after the manner of Florentine monasteries, and contains two ample courtyards. The floors are paved in Venetian work, and, as I have remarked, the prior has worked harps and shamrocks in a most aggressive manner into the design.

It is time for me to return to the proceedings on St. Patrick's Day. The high mass of dedication was celebrated by the archbishop of Dublin in the temporary church, which is to be used by the community until the real church of St. Patrick, whose walls are already beginning to rise side by side with the college, is ready for consecration. The church was handsomely decorated in crimson silk and gold. Every detail was carried out to the utmost perfection, and so great an interest did the Pope take on the occasion, that he sent his own master of ceremonies, Monsignor Marzolini, to personally superintend and direct the arrangements.

THE VESTMENTS AND SACRED VESSELS,

which were of extraordinary richness and beauty, were specially lent from the treasury of the vatican. A full pontifical high mass was celebrated, the archbishop being assisted by two priests of the Augustinian community as deacon and subdeacon, and the rector of the American College as assistant priest. An excellent choir of boys, trained by the Christian Brothers, supplied the music.

At the conclusion of the services Prior Glynn entertained some sixty guests at a hospitable repast, which was served in the new refectory. Among those seated at the principal table were Cardinal Mazzella, Monsignor Lenti, representing the vicar general of the Pope; the archbishop of Dublin, Monsignor Jacobini, secretary of the propaganda; Monsignor Kirby, rector of the Irish College in Rome (looking remarkably active despite his eighty-seven years); Monsignor Stonor, rector of the English College; Monsignor O'Callaghan, of the American College. Among the company to the right and left of these were Commendatore de Rossi, the celebrated Roman archeologist; Monsignori Giles, Marzolini, O'Connell, O'Byrne, Zonghi, Leclair, Zecchini, Lorenzelli, Laurenti, and Ceremoniere, Rev. Dr. M'Grath, Clonliffe College, secretary to the archbishop of Dublin; Father Gualdi, Very Rev. Father Hicker, O. P.; Very Rev. Father Walsh, O. S. A.; Very Rev. Father White, Proc Gen., Trappists; Proc-Gen. Span, O. S. A.; Father Clery, O. S. F.; Father Costello, O. P.; Father Leclair, Canada; Count Good, Count Cassell, Sir H. Doyle, Count de Blasterot, Mr. Gill, M. P.; Mr. Foley, ex M. P. for New Ross; Mr. Plowden, Mr. Connellan, Cavaliere Brady, etc.

When the *dejouner* was concluded Prior Glynn, in an eloquent speech, proposed the health of His Holiness, Leo XIII. The toast was honored amid cheers of "Eviva Leone." Monsignor Jacobini responded.

The Prior having replied, the company broke up, and thus was brought to a conclusion an auspicious day for Ireland and for Catholicity.

Throughout the proceedings an orchestra discoursed selections of Irish national airs, including "God Save Ireland" and "The Wearing of the Green." And hereby hangs a tale. The orchestra were all Italians, who had never heard an Irish air, and among them as the chief feature of the band was a harpist, whom the Prior, by sending out upon the highways and byways, had captured for the occasion. He, too, knew not the music of the Irlandese. His harp was the harp of the trovatore, not that of the Minstrel Boy. Here was a difficulty, the overcoming of which, in my judgment, deserves to be reckoned as one of the biggest triumphs of the day. The resources of San Patrizio were equal to it. Four determined Irishmen, powerful whistlers all, were placed in charge of this wandering minstrel, with instructions not to give him rest or peace by night or day until he had mastered every bar of these ditties of their native land. They whistled with dogged ness and vigor, and although the smile of the S P Q R on his beat in the small hours of the morning might have considered the sounds which he might have heard proceeding from the nether regions of San Patrizi's more outlandish than agreeable; yet the result on St. Patrick's Day, when the harpist, having at last caught on and imparted his inspiration to his comrades, was such as the four whistlers might well be proud of, reflecting credit, not to say glory, upon all concerned; filling all who heard with astonishment and delight, and giving the finishing touch to a festivity which would not have been completely Irish without this little effect of the National—what shall I say?—*je ne sais quoi*!

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

MR. BARRY'S LETTER.

The Able and Patriotic Citizen of Englewood Tears Poor Old Colonel Minor all to Pieces.

He Shows Up in a Splendid Light the Services of the Catholics in the Revolutionary War.

[*To the Editor.*]

CHICAGO, April 4.—My letter in last Sunday's *Inter Ocean* was a statement of the part taken by Catholics in the war of the revolution, and with proofs and data showing how much they contributed to the success of the cause to which we all owe our liberty. It was in reply to several assertions made by some of your correspondents that Catholics gave little or no aid to the revolutionary cause, but on the contrary, were opposed to it.

Instead of attempting to refute any of the proofs advanced by me in support of my argument, I was surprised to find Col. Minor, in his "reply" in your issue of the 21 inst., ring in the "Spanish Inquisition" and other religious and political troubles of centuries ago in European countries. What Col. Minor lacks, however, in proofs and historic accuracy, he more than makes up in coarse and offensive epithets which seem to form the principal part of his long and violent tirade. Few men possess a larger store of such elegant and convincing phrases and arguments as "Papists," "Romanists," "Romish Priests," etc., than he, and I certainly know of none who uses them more unsparingly. If any proofs were needed of the limited mental endowments and narrow minds of the men joined together in oath-bound secrecy against Catholics, it is certainly furnished in the effusion of Col. Minor, who is one of their leaders. Men who can be controlled and swayed in their action by such travesty upon truth and libels upon justice as are coarsely put forth as arguments by Col. Minor, are to be commiserated, indeed, for the ease with which they can be made to treasure up hatred in their poor breasts against their Catholic neighbors.

Col. Minor has been unable to controvert a single point put forth by me in regard to the part taken by Catholics in the war of the revolution for the simple reason that what I stated were authenticated facts. Billingsgate and bigotry are not arguments and will not stand against data and proof. Col. Minor, however, has made one historical assertion which is utterly devoid of truth, and which proves most unmistakably the character and reliability of his arguments against Catholics. He says: "Mr. Barry neglects to inform his readers that Ireland had a parliament—"home rule"—in 1776; that this body voted to furnish King George III. with 9,000 men, armed and equipped, and £100,000 in money to aid the king in subduing the rebellious colonists. A majority of that parliament were Romanists. The troops that Howe sent against the patriotic army on Bunker or Breed's Hill were a party of that liberal donation made by Irish Romanists. Mr. Barry is ignorant of the fact that the Romanists, as a class, were Tories, and when the war began they moved into Canada as quickly as possible." Now, instead of that parliament being "Romanists," the truth is that there was not a single Catholic in it. It was an exclusively Protestant parliament. Instead of Catholics having any representation in that parliament, or in any other legislative body, the fact is that their religion was suppressed, and Catholics had really no political existence under the forms of law. Had the Catholics of Ireland been represented in that parliament, the crime of abdicating its power and selling out its own existence would never have been consummated in the infamous act of Union in 1800. Nor is it fair to charge upon Protestants the enormous crimes of that legislative body. The real national Protestants of the country, as led by Henry Grattan, did their best to relieve their Catholic fellow countrymen of political disadvantages, and to prevent the Orange and Tory factions, who were in a majority, from selling out the liberties of Protestant Ireland for a mess of pottage. These men were also ardent supporters of the American revolution, and are so recorded in their debates and resolutions before the world.

I would not descend to notice the scurrility advanced as "arguments" by Col. Minor, were it not that I desired to still further enlighten himself and his new brand of "loyal" patriots of the work done by Catholics in the war of the revolution.

I desire to inform and prove to Col. Minor and his oath-bound proscriptive compatriots, that the Rev. Dr. Carroll, of Baltimore, (afterward made archbishop partly through the influence of Benjamin Franklin), was the next man in importance to George Washington in the war of the revolution. I want to prove to these men, who are wont to dilate upon Catholics in connection with "Castle Garden," that it was Father Carroll who was mainly instrumental in getting the papal nuncio to the king of France to get him to send aid to the Americans; and that it was mainly through the influence of this Catholic divine the German Catholic generals Baron Steuben and DeKalk and the Catholic Polish generals Kosciusko and Pulaski joined the revolutionists. To those who are conversant with the history of that period, it is a well-known fact that the mission of Benjamin Franklin to seek aid from France was about given up as a failure. While sitting in a despondent mood waiting for an audience with the king, he received a letter from Washington saying: "If France does not send over her army the cause must fail for the troops are commencing to mutiny and I cannot raise funds to pay them; they have no rations and their feet are on the ground cut and bleeding from the snow." While Franklin was brooding over what looked like an impending doom to the American cause, he was aroused by a voice calling "Mr. Franklin! Oh, Mr. Franklin!" It was the Pope's nuncio. "I have good news for you," said he. "I have just secured the consent of the king to send over a French army and navy to aid your countrymen." Franklin, bewildered and astonished, threw himself on his knees, clasped the hand of the nuncio and kissing it said: "Oh! Rome has saved my country. Americans will never forget it. The Catholics shall have all the rights that the Protestants have." The nuncio said: "Mr. Franklin you must thank the Rev. Dr. Carroll, for it was he who induced the Pope to send me here in interest of the Americans. His letters in your behalf were laid by me before the French king and his cabinet, and so success has crowned his efforts in your behalf." Washington himself afterwards said, "Of all the men whose influence was the most potent in securing the success of the revolution, Dr. Carroll was the man."

As proof of the appreciation of Washington of the great services rendered by Catholics to the patriotic cause, he prohibited the recurring public exhibition in Boston of the burning in effigy of the Pope. On Nov. 5, 1775, he issued the following order to the army: "As the commander-in-chief has been apprised of a design formed for that ridiculous and childish custom of burning the effigy of the Pope, he cannot help expressing his surprise that there should be officers and soldiers in the army so devoid of common sense as not to see the impropriety of such a step. It is so monstrous as not to be suffered or excused; indeed, instead of offering the most remote insult, it is our duty to address public thanks to our Catholic brethren, as to them we are indebted for every late success over the common enemy." This crushing rebuke to the bigots of that day had a healthy effect on the moral idiots around Boston. It is to be regretted that, notwithstanding the pride all true friends of freedom take in the position Boston holds among the enlightened, progressive and liberty-loving municipalities of the republic, she has at the same time turned out about as shabby and reprehensive a class of calumniators and libelers of Catholics as the most backward portions of our country.

Timely aid was also extended to the revolutionists by the Catholics of Spain. They seemed to "have spared time enough from burning heretics and torturing with the Inquisition" to open all their ports to the American marine. They did not cease in their efforts for America until they had secured the powers of northern Europe to join in the "armed neutrality act," to which John Adams declared America owed her independence as much as to any other cause. Those Spaniards, so hated by our new brand of "loyalists," contributed 1,000,000 francs, 3,000 barrels of gun powder, and blankets for ten regiments of Washington's army at the most critical period of its existence. They also opened the port of Havana to our navy, and the salary of the American minister at Madrid was paid out of the Spanish treasury.

I would like to ask Col. Minor who were the friends and who the enemies of the revolution anyway? We have on the side of the Americans France, Ireland, Spain, prominent Catholics of Germany and of Poland. We have opposed to them England and her hired bands of Hessians, and the Tory "loyalists" of the revolution, corresponding in their hatred of everything generous and liberal with our own modern band of "patriots."

Catholic names like Carroll, Moylan, Barry, Meade, Lafayette, DeGrasse, DeKalb, Rochambeau, Kosciusko and Pulaski will be side by side with those of Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Adams, Henry and Hancock in the immortal story of the revolution, long after the memory of the little bigots, who seek to deprive them of the glory of their deeds, or tarnish their memory, shall have perished in oblivion.

P. T. BARRY.

A Letter from Thackeray to a Little Boy.

And now we will take a look at a very charming letter, which I prize as one of the choicest gems in my whole collection. It was written to me while Mr. Thackeray was in this country,—during his first visit, I believe. He subsequently wrote a line or two in a volume which I sent to him. Here is the little note. Is it not all I claim for it?

NEW YORK, Sunday, Dec. 19.—*My Dear Sir:* I have very great pleasure in sending you my signature; and am never more grateful than when I hear honest boys like my books. I remember the time when I was a boy very well; and, now that I have children of my own, love young people all the better; and hope some day that I shall be able to speak to them more directly than hitherto I have done. But by that time you will be a man, and I hope will prosper. As I got into the railroad car to come hither from Boston there came up a boy with a basket of books to sell, and he offered me one and called out my own name; and I bought the book, pleased by his kind face and friendly voice which seemed as it were to welcome me and my own children to this country. And as you are the first American boy who has written to me, I thank you and shake you by the hand, and hope heaven may prosper you. We who write books must remember that among our readers are honest children, and pray the Father of all of us to enable us to see and speak the truth. Love and truth are the best of all; pray God that young and old we may try and hold by them.

I thought to write you only a line this Sunday morning; but you see it is a little sermon. My own children thousands of miles away (it is Sunday night now where they are, and they said their prayers for me while I was asleep) will like some day to see your little note and be grateful for the kindness you and others show me. I bid you farewell, and am your faithful servant,

W. M. THACKERAY.

—*April St. Nicholas.*

When you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy some substitute preparation, which clerks may claim is "as good as Hood's." The peculiar merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla cannot be equalled. Therefore insist upon Hood's Sarsaparilla.

SHE'S STILL THERE.

That is, Miss Banim Invests Athlone with the Pertinacity of General Ginkle.

The Town, She Says, Ought to be the Capital of Ireland.

"Well, as I was saying, the narrow bridge sprang from just under our feet, straight across to the Connaught side; it had nine gothic arches, and the bed of the river was shallow, and the water poured down at the rate of twenty-six miles an hour. On the side of the bridge joining those very old houses beside us, stood two mills, Swayn's and Jones', and two others stood upon the Connaught side, and you'd see the whole street blocked with farmers' carts bringing corn to and from the mills. Oh! there was plenty in the land then—of people and food, and merriment and light hearts! I never hear laughter now, it seems to me. Then, in the centre of the bridge, built in Queen Elizabeth's time, were sculptured stones that rose from twelve to fifteen feet high; upon these stones you had the arms of the town, the effigy of the Black Pig, and the effigy of Peter Levis, his arm extended, the rat upon his sleeve and a pistol in his hand. The meaning of the black pig was that there is an old prophecy that says that in the valley where the black pig shall be slain there shall be great slaughter. Now some tell that previous to the long wars a black pig did actually start from the round tower at Clones, thirteen miles from Cavan; that it was hunted over hill and plain until it was slain upon this very bridge, and there surely was great slaughter. Others say the accomplishment of the prophecy has not yet come to pass; that the black pig will then issue out of the north and be slain upon Athlone bridge, and that upon that spot will be fought the final battle which is to free Ireland. However that may be, the black pig was not only sculptured upon the ornamentation here, but was also painted upon one of the mills.

"Then you had pictured the story of Peter Levis, or Lewis, of whom the tradition is that he was an English monk who gave up his faith and became

A PROTESTANT CLERGYMAN,

and, coming to Ireland, was made a dignitary of Christ church, Dublin. This was in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Like many of the monks of old, Peter Levis was a skilled architect, and was appointed to superintend the building of Athlone bridge and also to fill the office of a clergyman in the town. But, as the legend has it, it was not from the love of God, but for love of wealth and position, the monk changed his religion, and for such a mockery of faith he was haunted day and night, at bed and board, by a rat that followed him and appeared at his side or in his very garments wherever he went. Even in the church, there it was, with its eyes fixed upon him, so that he grew desperate with fear and horror, and tried every means in his power to get rid of the venemous reptile, but all no use. One Sunday, as Levis was preaching in the pulpit of St. Mary's, he suddenly saw the rat on the sleeve of his gown; he drew a pistol to shoot at the creature, but it turned upon him, jumped on the barrel of his pistol and bit his thumb; the wound brought on lockjaw, from which he died soon after. Whatever may be in the story—true or false—there was the picture on the bridge, and there is the tradition as it has been handed down from generation to generation in Athlone.

"The monument was divided into numerous tablets, which had each its raised lettering or sculpture. On the lower portion there was a long inscription which told that the bridge was built 'from the maine earth . Vnder . the . Water,' in the ninth year of Elizabeth, by the device and order of Sir Henry Sidney, then Lord Deputy in Ireland, and that the work was carried out by 'the good industrie and diligens of Sir Peter Lewys.' There were also tablets bearing Queen Elizabeth's arms, those of Sir Henry Sidney, and of the Earl of Essex; a portrait of Sir Henry Sidney, likewise one of Robart Damport, 'overseer of theys works,' with his dog at his feet;

THE EFFIGY OF PETER LEWIS,

his pistol and his rat, and also an effigy of the black pig—which, indeed, Sir William Wilde made out to be a porcupine, the crest of Sir Henry Sidney, ignoring altogether St. Columbcille's prophecy and the tradition to which we beg to adhere in Athlone.

"There were many other sculptures and various inscriptions; all are described very minutely in a pamphlet written by the late rector of St. Mary's, the Rev. Mr. Joly, who considers that Peter Levis was a saint—and of course I cannot undertake to say which is right—the old tradition or Mr. Joly's view of the question.

"There is another disputed matter of history connected with Athlone, and that is the origin of its name. Of course you know that from very ancient times this was a place of importance as the centre of Ireland and one of the principal fords of our great river. The English were but a short time in the country before we find mention of Athlone as a meeting place of the Lord Justices, showing that they appreciated its position. Now, as to the origin of the old Irish name, I have read two accounts; one is given in Mason's Survey of Roscommon, which says the name comes from Ath, a ford—Luain, the moon, and is known to Irish speaking people as Baileathluain—the town on the ford of the moon—so called by the pagan Irish who worshipped the sun, moon, and stars (and have we not to this day many curious signs and omens concerning the moon? It's lucky to turn your money in your pocket when you first see the young moon, for instance). It is told in Mason's book that several lunettes, or crescents of gold, were found in a bog not far from the town; these, with some other articles of the same metal, were sold about the year 1810 to a jeweler in Dublin for £858, and were melted down for common uses.

"The second origin of the name is found in a very ancient Irish MS. I read it in Prof. O'Curry's Lectures on the 'MS. Materials of Irish History,' and I have good retention and can give it almost in his own words. It is part of a long story told of a

QUEEN MAEVE

who had one of her palaces on an island above us, here in Lough Ree. The story relates great battles and adventures, all resulting from the desire of Queen Maeve to possess the finest bull in the land, and the part of the story that concerns Athlone tells of the fury of this bull—the Donn Chuailgne—as being captured and carried a prisoner from his own country. He raised such a loud bellowing as had never before been heard in the province of Connaught; on hearing those unusual sounds, Aiuli's bull, the Finnbheannach or White-horned, knew that some strange and formidable foe had entered his territory; and he immediately advanced at full speed to the point from which they issued, where he soon arrived in the presence of his noble enemy. The sight of each other was the signal of battle. The province rang with the echoes of their roaring, the sky was darkened by the sods of earth they threw up with their feet and the foam that flew from their mouths, faint-hearted men, women, and children hid themselves in caves, caverns, and the clefts of the rocks; while even the most veteran warriors but dared to view the combat from the neighboring hills and eminences.

"The Finnbhannach, or Whitehorned, at length gave way, and retreated towards a certain pass which opened into the plain in which the battle raged, and where sixteen warriors, bolder than the rest, had planted themselves; but so rapid were the retreat and the pursuit that not only were all these trampled to the ground, but they were buried several feet in it. The Donn Chualigne, at last, coming up with his opponent, raised him on his horns, ran off with him, passed the gates of Meave's palace, tossing and shaking him as he went, until at last he shattered him to pieces, dropping his disjointed members as he went along. And wherever a part fell, that place retained the name of that part ever after. And thus it was (we are told) that 'Ath Luain,' now Athlone, which was before called 'Ath Mor,' or the Great Ford, received its present name from the Finnbhannach's Laun, or loin, having been dropped there. Now, I suppose we may take our choice of the two origins. This last is found in one of the most ancient MSS extant."

"Yes," continues our friend, looking up and down the Shannon, "Athlone ought surely to be

THE CAPITAL OF THE COUNTRY.

For look at it—placed just where all the rest of the counties could pour their wealth (if they had it), by the numerous concentric ways into one common centre. Look at the Shannon, to bring us ships from the ocean, and the ease with which canals east and west could be constructed to do the same. John Cornelius O'Callaghan very properly observes in his 'Green Book,' that as regards a hostile invasion from England, scarcely any metropolis can be worse situated for safety against the attacks of such a neighboring state than Dublin is. Were Ireland, O'Callaghan says, an independent nation, her capital should be about the centre of the island, or in that part of the country which could be easiest assisted from every side, and would be farthest away from the frontier in all directions. Dublin should become with respect to a new metropolis what Rome did to Constantinople, and Moscow to Petersburg. But in the present political situation of Ireland with regard to its neighbor the position of our capital to England is quite natural. The handle of the tankard should be as convenient as possible to the grasp of him who wishes to drain it. O'Callaghan says all this, speaking from the point of view of a country on the defensive. I am thinking of it as a nation done with wars of offense or defense, and busy with agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, and the peace and prosperity of its own people.

"But this is a long digression from the story of our bridge. You see, this is how a busy man's brain rambles on from subject to subject, while his hands are at work; it lightens the labor, and you never know what it is to be lonely. You read a bit in your leisure hours; you think it all over and piece this and that together when at your work; in your walks you find out one thing from one person, another from someone else; a chance word here, an old stone, or house, or picture, or book happened upon; and in this way a man, though he may make no pretensions to learning, often comes at a far truer knowledge of the history of a place than the book scholar who has done most of the work in his study. And, dear me! it's surprising the interest in, the love that takes possession of your heart for a place you have studied in this way. The very paving stones are like friends to you! Now, where will you find a fairer, more peaceful scene than that? and yet that Shannon ran with blood. From this abutment where we stand, from the windows of those old houses just behind us, were witnessed scenes of horror; aye, and deeds of valor—deeds of unselfish devotion unsurpassed in history. Unselfish! My God!—think of it—think of hearing the ring of the ax and the pick plied might and main behind you—between you and life; plied hard and fast by your own countrymen, your own flesh and blood, it may be, cutting you off, leaving nothing but death behind and before you, and you willing that it should be so, to save your country!"

It is a history worth remembering, the history of the struggle made by the Irish at Athlone during the siege of 1690, when they could still say with pride:—

"There are three towns we can call our own,
Limerick, Galway, and stout Athlone;"

and again in 1691, even though the second time they lost.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

Facts Worth Knowing.

In all diseases of the nasal mucous membrane the remedy used must be non-irritating. The medical profession has been slow to learn this. Nothing satisfactory can be accomplished with douches, snuffs, powders or syringes because they are all irritating, do not thoroughly reach the affected surfaces and should be abandoned as worse than failures. A multitude of persons who had for years borne all the worry and pain that catarrh can inflict testify to radical cures wrought by Ely's Cream Balm.

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THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XL.—(Continued.)

DEFEAT OF THE EXPEDITION.

Eugene had been standing apart during the conversation, looking at the mists receding before the advancing vessel and steadily disappearing before the morning sun.

The words fell on his ears with startling effect, arousing him as if with an electric shock, from his reverie.

"Land—Ireland!" he repeated after them—"where?"

"Yonder, my dear captain—yonder," said Tone, catching his arm in delight. "Do you not see the cloud-like peaks rising from the sea right to the south?"

"I do not see them," said Eugene, his eyes falling him partly belause of their eagerness to catch the long looked for objects.

"Do you see that small boat to the south?"

Eugene nodded.

"Lift your eyes a little above it and see where the sunrays are just now brightening the hills."

"I see them! I see them!" cried Eugene delightedly. "Hurrah for Ireland and Seamore! At last my eyes are blessed with a glance at its green hills."

"You seem to be as glad as I am myself," said Tone, laughing at the enthusiasm of his friend.

"Glad! I could not be more entranced if it were a vision of Paradise that fell on my eyes."

"Yet it is not your native land—nor are you as long from seeing it as I am."

"Nevertheless," said the captain, "I doubt if anyone could rejoice more at seeing it. It is simply delightful to think that today we shall tread on Irish soil, and sleep tonight on Irigh ground."

"There is an old maxim in Ireland," said Tone, whose first enthusiasm had given way to a fit of depression, "that there is many a slip between the milking of a cow and the tasting of the butter; and without at all seeking to throw cold water on your high heartedness, I must confess I am not at all sanguine that we shall."

"What is there to prevent us?"

"Why, for the matter of that, anything—everything. Under any circumstances I am glad to see the shores of Ireland again. But look how we come. After a disastrous voyage of three weeks rounding the northern seas, we come within sight of Ireland with one line-of-battle ships and three frigates. Think what an invading force that constitutes! It is the old story of the Bantry Bay expedition over again."

"I should not have expected these words from you," said Eugene somewhat disappointedly."

"Nor should I, perhaps, have spoken them. But I cannot conceal the disappointment I feel—and I never realized it so thoroughly as now, when after a long absence my eyes fall on Irish hills again—at the non-success of my efforts on Ireland's behalf. It sinks like a leaden weight at my heart."

"A smaller force has often worked wonders in other countries."

"So it has; but the day has passed for that in Ireland. Four months ago and it would have been different."

"You are unnecessarily downhearted."

"Perhaps I am. But I shall not be so any longer," said Tone, with a quiet, sad smile, as his eyes rested on the headlands of Innishowen, now coming gradually nearer and looking beyond measure lovely as the slanting rays of the morning sun fell on their sides, mantling them with rosy light. "It is not for one who for years has not looked upon his native shore to feel long disheartened when such a sight as yonder meets his gaze."

"Is it not beautiful—superb!" cried Eugene enthusiastically. "And so the admiral thinks, too; see how intently he is gazing at it. Let us join him."

"Is it not magnificent, mon admiral!" said he, when they had joined the party.

The commander and several of the officers were gazing through their glasses in the direction of the shore, and Eugene, tapping the former on the shoulder, emphasized his remark

"Magnificent, Eugene!" said the admiral, turning around with a questioning look on his face.

"The scenery—that noble range of hills rejoicing in the morning sunlight. I fancy there is nothing in the world to surpass it."

"Oh! the scenery. It is fine, very fine, now that you draw my attention to it," said Bompart with a smile; "but I confess I was not thinking of that, nor looking at it."

"There must be something else strange in view?" said Eugene, becoming querist in turn.

"There is—something that has greater attraction and interest for us just now than your Irish scenery. Take that glass in your hands, look over the western shoulder of that hill that fronts you, and tell me if any object strikes your view."

Eugene took the telescope, and, having adjusted it, glanced in the direction indicated. For some time he gezed in silence, then suddenly lowered the glass and turning round, said:

"The sephamore."

"Precisely. It has been working rapidly for the past quarter of an hour. They are signaling some information."

"Can no one read it?" asked Eugene.

"Unfortunately no. The book containing the English code of signals was mislaid in the hurry of our dispatch."

"They are signaling our advance?"

"They are; but whether giving warning to forts or to a fleet, we are, owing to the absence of the book, unable to tell."

There was a pause of some duration, during which the vessel, steering, to the west, left the signaling sephamore far behind.

Standing close in the Malin Head and leaving the little island of Innistrahul to the right, the fair expanse of Lough Swilly began to open out before them.

Suddenly an exclamation burst from one of the officers as he pointed with outstretched hands in the direction of the Lough. All eyes followed his motion, and as they did a thrill passed through the assembled group.

For standing down the bay, with close set sails, and with decks apparently cleared for action, was the British fleet.

Striking and imposing they looked—six sail of the line, one razee ship of sixty guns, and two frigates.

"That explains the working of the semaphore, gentlemen," said the admiral quietly, as he looked with long and eager glance at the stately liners moving towards the opening of the bay.

"And it ends the expedition," said Tone.

"I should think so," said Bompart, turning his head around to look at the three frigates, the remnant of his fleet, that sailed some distance behind him. "We are too few to win, and too near to escape."

"Small chance of winning with that splendid force of vessels to contend with," said Eugene, glancing with admiration at the fleet as it sailed forward in far-extended order.

"None whatever," burst from many officers at the same moment. The fact was palpable to all.

"Well, gentlemen, this is somewhat untoward, though not unexpected. Our frigates behind may escape; we cannot. Surrender is out of the question. What shall be done?"

"Fight her while she lasts," said Eugene, and as he spoke a cheer arose from the band of officers assembled, announcing their hearty concurrence in the proposal.

"I thought that would be about your decision, gentlemen," said the admiral, "and, that being so, I think we had better prepare for business and signal the frigates to make their escape. Their mission here is ended."

"I fancy their mission anywhere is ended. There is but little chance of their escaping," said Eugene.

"They must take their chance for that. It would simply be a sacrifice of the soldiers they carry to bring them into action here. Signal the Roise to come near; we shall transfer to her the line regiment from our own vessel. They would only cumber us during the action, and be needlessly slaughtered."

The frigate was accordingly signalled to draw near, which she did, and in a very short time the troops on board the Hoche were re embarked on board the the Roise, whilst the officers, sailors, and marines of the former worked with untiring energy to get the vessel into fighting trim.

When the Roise was about to put off, the admiral walked over to where Tone was standing watching with lonely indifference the transfer of the troops.

"Another day of evil to Ireland," Tone said, as the former took his arm.

"It cannot be helped," said the admiral, with deep sympathy for the disappointed patriot.

"Not now, I dare say," said Tone bitterly.

"The fates will have it so," said Bompart. "I grieve for your many disappointments—I assure you I do—but there is little use in grieving against what is decreed. And there is but little time for talking over the matter just now—or sorrowing over it. Why I come to you is: To prevent the inevitable sacrifice of these regiments, we are sending them—if we can—back to France. The Roise is a good sailor and will out run their fastest vessel. She is pretty certain by making a wide sweep to reach France or a friendly continental port in safety. You must sail in her."

"I!" queried Tone, turning sharply around and facing the admiral, his anger at the suggestion showing itself in his pale face and whitening lips. "I!"

"Yes, my dear Tone. Do not be angry. We are Frenchmen and shall find a soldier's death on the open deck or in the sea; but you are not called on to do so—for this fight—battle it cannot be called—can avail naught for Ireland. It can only preserve the honor of France and her fleet?"

"And you therefore suggest that I should fly from Ireland, now that I have, after many years' absence, come almost within swimming distance of her shores?" Tone asked disdainfully.

"Do not be angry with me, my dear Tone," said the admeral deprecatingly, but with gentle and chivalrous courtesy, as he saw the hot blood rush into the pale face of the speaker. "There stands on the deck of the Hoche today none readier to sacrifice his life in a good or brave cause than you. But consider We fight now for our honor—not for Ireland. Our guns are shotted for the stainless honor of our flag. The expedition is at an end. We Frenchmen shall die on the deck, which is still French land, or we shall go down with our vessel. You have no cause in all this—no share in the national honor. *You* may still hope to work for your country."

"I have no choice to make," said Tone resolutely, but with a voice that trembled not from sorrow but the anguish of disappointment. "I have come within sight of the shores of Ireland and I shall not fly from them."

"There is another consideration," said Bompart gravely. "If the Hoche should be captured without being sunk, and that those of her crew living are taken prisoners, they would be treated as prisoners of war. How would *you* fare under such circumstances? I think it right to put this view before you. You shall be tried, possibly—I know these English well—as an Englishman in arms against his country."

"It matters not. I shall not go from the shores of Ireland now that I am come witain view of them, let what will betide. I said I should come in the next expedition if but a corporal's guard sailed for Ireland, and I have come. I shall not leave the Hoche—you willing—whilst a plank of her deck holds together or a gun is able to send a a bullet to the foe. Your men have come at my solicitation—I shall share their dangers, and, if it be so willed, go beneath the waves with them."

"Bravely spoken: and right soothing words to hear," said the admiral. "I would our expedition had been more successful, and I can and do sympathize with your disappointed hopes and with your struggling land. As it is we can only fight and die together."

"Bravely spoken—because Tone spoke," said Eugene, coming from behind. "Who would have expected him to have said otherwise? And, mon admiral, you are losing precious time to but little purpose. The fleet are bearing straight for us. Every moment is necessary for preparation. Let the Roise cut her cables and put on all press of sail while there is yet time. We shall delay, I hope, any vessel that attempts to follow. We have the power to cripple, if not to conquer, left us yet at any rate."

"Very well; give the necessary orders, then, for her to make sail," answered the admiral.

In a few moments after the Roise had slipped her cable, and with flowing sheets was standing out to sea; whilst the clangor and din proceeding with greater energy than ever on board the Hoche, showed the unmistakable intention of her men and officers.

It was a moment of supreme excitement.

About to be surrounded by several vessels, some of them more powerful, and all equal in strength and armament, there lay before her the chances of being sunk or captured. Hope there was none. Yet no one on board—and Tone watched their movements eagerly—showed the slightest symptom of despondency, not to say fear. Their whole anxiety seemed to be to make a bold fight of it, and either to let the vessel go down with the tricolor still flying from her topmast or leave her shattered hulk for the enemy to capture. With death staring them palpably and unavoidably in the face, and for a cause not their own, he marvelled to see how from the lowest to the highest all worked with light hearted energy and gaiety. Had they been preparing their ship for the welcome of some important visitor more pleasant words and more laughing faces could not be heard or seen on board.

Meantime the English fleet, emerging from the entrance to Lough Swilly, steadily advanced.

And truly an imposing sight they looked, as, everything having been got ready, the guns loaded and protruded through the port holes, the shot and shell and powder ready to hand, the officers of the Hoche had time to take survey of them. One of them, the Valient, was a considerable distance in advance of the others, and had reached to within a mile or less, when a flag ran up to her topmast.

"A summons to surrender!" burst from many indignant voices.

"It is, indeed," said Bompart. "She shall get a fitting answer."

He walked over to where, beside a sixty-four pounder, the gunners stood with lighted torches.

The Hoche stood broadside to the coming fleet, ad the admiral carefully trained with his own hands the cannon on the summoner.

Taking the torch from the cannonier, he applied it to the touch-hole. A blinding explosion followed, a volume of white smoke rolled upwards, and the missile went speeding on its way. All eyes were immediately turned on the approaching vessel.

A cheer went up as they saw it strike the bulwarks, scattering the men around and throwing up a cloud of splinters. It had evidently done considerable harm, and, as they could see through their glasses, created great commotion on board.

In a moment after the color just hoisted glided down the rope to the deck and the Valiant sailed on her way.

"That puts an end to all courtesies for the present," said Eugene laughingly, as the officers quickly departed to take up their different positions, leaving himself, the admiral, and Tone alone.

"It is pretty clear from their movements they did not expect that," said Bompart, still gazing through his glass.

"They are preparing to reply to it pretty energetically," said Eugene, as the huge vessel swept to leeward of them, bringing her long broadside of guns fairly abreast.

"They must have the first salute, then," said the admiral, as placing his trumpet to his mouth, he shouted, "Ready, men! Train your guns on her! Fire!"

Save the cries of the officers repeating the order, the tugging of ropes, and the noise of the shifting guns, there was no response for a minute or two.

The torches along the vast decks of the Hoche, burning dimly in the garish light of day, seemed, as they moved uneasily, weird and uncanny.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

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Fast Time, Perfect Comfort, Absolute Safety.

These are the inducements offered the traveling public by the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, one of the youngest and beyond dispute one of the best railways upon the continent. Its Vestibuled Compartment Sleeping Cars, run on through trains, are marvels of elegance, and add to beauty and luxury perfect ventilation, making them the most desirable at all seasons of the year. The Dining Car service is fully up to the best standard, and the entire equipment of the trains of this road is new. W. R. Busenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

GAELIC POETRY.

An Druimin Dubh Dilis.

O mo Dhruimin duibh dilis, mo shioda na m-bó!
'Sí a h-imtheacht a d'fhág mé gan suaimhneas no sógh;
Bhí sí ceannsa mar mhaighdean 's níos doinne 'ná cnó,—
Och! a dhruimin duibh dilis, a shíoda na m-bó!

Ba h-aoibhneas liom éirghe air maidin do gnáth,
Go m-buainfinn di feur glas le druchd air a bháth,
Agus d'éistfinn le Máirín ag seinm 'san g-cró
Mar do bhigh sí mo Dhruimin, mo shíoda na m-bó.

Do roinneas mo ghrádh eidir Druimin 's mo mhnaoi,
Agus d'oibrigheas dóibh-san le h-iomlán mo bhrigh;
Acht tá Máirín bheobt sinte 'san roilig go deo,
Agus chaill mé mo Dhruimin, mo shíoda na m-bó!

Do thriallas ó'n m-Bearbha chum Sionnaine mór,
A's do chuartuigheas Mumha ag iarraidh mo stóir;
Do sheol me Loch Samhair, acht marbh no beo
Níor casadh liom Druimin, mo shíoda na m-bó.

O, abraidh, a chàirde, a bh-facaidh sibh í,
No an fios dibh an bodach do bhrónaigh mo chroidhe?
Go raibh seisean gan sonas, a n-oidhche no ló
A ghoid uaim mo Dhruimin, mo shíoda na m-bó!

Acht siubhalfad gach órlach air eudan an domhain,
Agus cluinfidh gach tír aun, mo gheur-chaoineadh bróin;
'S má fheicim an gadaidhe, beidh buille no dó
Air son Druimin duibh dilis, mo shíoda na m-bó.

PATRAIC.

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

O'CONNOR—March 18, Thomas O'Connor, eldest son of Thomas O'Connor, Clonough, Carbury, county Kildare.

HIGGINS—March 17, at Athboy, county Meath, Eddy, second son of Edward Higgins, aged 15 years.

HURLEY—March 18, Patrick Hurley, M.A., late Bengal Civil Service, son of the tate Michael Hurley, Ennis, county Clare.

KEALY—March 17, at Commercial Hotel, Hacketstown, Edward Kealy.

KEENAN—March 17, at Palmerstown, Margaret, widow of the late John Keenan, formerly of Drogheda, aged 90 years.

MATTHEWS—March 17, at Killeary, Lobinstown, Slane, James Matthews.

BOYLAN—March 12, at Dowth, Cecelia Boylan.

COLLIER—March 22, at the Amiens street terminus, Dublin, Daniel Collier.

I'ANSON—March 23, at Newbridge, county Kildare. Frederick I'Anson.

KENT—March 23 at No. 8 Chancery place, Dublin, Anne, relict of the late Thomas Kent.

MULVIN—At Roosce, Edenderry, King's county, Mrs. Ellen Mulvin, relict of the late John Mulvin.

MURPHY—March 23, at No. 61 Synge street, South Circular road, Dublin, John Murphy, Jr., aged 26 years.

MURTAGH—March 22, at Bushfield, Clondalkin, James Murtagh, aged 64 years.

POTTERTON—March 23, at Ardkill House, Carbury, county Kildare, John Potterton.

BRIDE—March 21, at Market square, Navan, William Bride, aged 37 years.

COYLE—March 21, at the Franciscan convent, Merchants quay, Dublin, Brother Anthony Coyle, aged 79 years.

DOWNEY—March 20, at Ballygowan, Woodford, county Galway, Martin Downey, aged 95 years.

GEOGHEGAN—March 16, Catherine, relict of the late James Geoghegan, Archerstown, Westmeath, aged 68 years.

GLENNON—March 22, at Brotenstown, Mullingar, Elizabeth, wife of Denis Glennon.

KELLY—March 21, at Loughane, Templederry, county Tipperary, John Kelly.

LYNCH—March 21, at No. 2 Longford cottages, Monkstown avenue, Monkstown, county Dublin, Susie, fourth daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth Lynch.

MAHER—March 17, at Quarry st., Thurles, Patrick Maher, aged 80 years.

MEADE—At No. 16 Stamer street, Dublin, Julia, wife of Patrick Meade.

NORTON—March 21, at Abbey bridge, Naas, Daniel Norton, aged 70 years.

WHYTE—March 18, at Main street, Naas, Catherine, wife of James Whyte.

KENNEDY—March 24, at Kyle, Boscrea, Michael Kennedy, aged 18 years.

SHERIDAN—March 20, at Guiltown, Bective, county Meath, Christopher Sheridan, aged 69 years.

CRADDOCK—March 25, at No. 19 St. James' terrace, Inchicore, James, son of the late William Craddock, aged 28 years.

FARRINGTON—March 20, at Oldtown, Naas, Julia, wife of John Farrington, aged 32 years.

FOGARTY—March 25, at Barrack street, Templemore, Michael Charles, second son of the late William Fogarty, T. C., aged 29 years.

KEARNEY—March 24, at Ballycoona, county Kilkenny, Mollie, daughter of J. Kearney.

LEON—March 25, at No. 29 Upper Ormond quay, Dublin, Mr. Leon, late chairman Amalgamated Society of Tailors.

MCGRATH—March 13, at No. 2 Dublin st., Carlow, Margaret, wife of Daniel McGrath.

MCNAMARA—At No. 17 Killeen road, Dublin, John McNamara, formerly of Birr, King's county.

BURKE—March 20, at No. 23 Upper Sheriff street, Dublin, Mary, wife of P. Burke, formerly of Gortrae, Annaghdown, county Galway.

HOLMES—Jan. 31, at Queenstown, New Zealand, Alexander Holmes, barrister at-law, late of Home, Shankill, county Dublin.

O'NEILL—March 19, at Moneboula, Glen of Aherlow, Tipperary, Timothy O'Neill, aged 90 years.

BOURKE—March 19, at Kanturk, John Bourke.

O'REILLY—At No. 26 Trinity street, Drogheda, Michael O'Reilly, aged 64 years.

DICKSON—March 16, Louisa Herdan, wife of the Rev. J. W. Dickson, Rector of Castle Archdale, and daughter of the late Rev. W. Fraser, Rector of Clogheen, county Tipperary.

MCGHIE—March 17, at Ballyclough, Limerick, Henry Martin McGhie, aged 25 years.

CLARKE—March 20, at Three Castles, Kilkenny, Robert Vaughan Clarke, aged 56.

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years, ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says:

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 10, 1887.

Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentlemen: I have been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions Yours truly,

L. L. GORSUCH, M. D.,
Office, 215 Summit st.

We will give $100 for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Take internally.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

☞Sold by Druggists, 75c.

On March 10 and 11, the town of Sneem literally swarmed with police drafted in from the adjoining stations, all engaged in "protecting" a number of emergency-men and bailiffs, hailing from Tralee, Kenmare and Sneem, in carrying out a number of evictions on the Bland estate.

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX!

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptivenes of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS AROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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FRIGHTFUL HOLOCAUST.

Nine Lives Lost at a Fire in Rochester, Pa.

NARROW ESCAPE OF A YOUNG GIRL

Out of a Whole Family She Was the Only One Who Was Not Burned to Death—The Remains of a Father and Son of Another Family Found Burned to a Crisp—An Old Woman Cremated at Washington.

ROCHESTER, Pa., April 6.—The most frightful calamity that has ever befallen this place occurred early Monday morning and as a result nine lives were lost. Between the Rose building, corner of Brighton and New York streets and the railroad crossing, were a row of cheap frame tenement houses, the first floors of which were occupied as business houses. Shortly after midnight fire was discovered in the lower building and an alarm was given. The fire gradually spread to the second and third houses and in a very few minutes all were in flames. But few of the citizens were on the scene until the the fire was well under headway and efforts were made to save property, but with poor effect, as the buildings, being of highly inflammable material, burned rapidly.

Leaped from a Window.

In the midst of the hottest part of the fire an Italian girl, about 16 years of age, appeared at the window of one of the burning buildings and leaped toward the ground, two of the firemen catching her before she struck the ground. Between her sobs she stated that all her father's family were yet in the burning house, but as the flames now had full control of the building, it was impossible to save them, and seven persons perished in the Italian famil,. The rooms occupied by the Italians were in the center of the building, and when it was found that lives had been lost, a careful inquiry was made regarding the occupants of the first building to take fire.

Remains of Father and Son.

It was inhabited by a shoemaker named Elward J. Keene, with a family consisting of a wife and three children. None of the family could be found for a time, but during the hight of the excitement Mrs. Keene with two of her children arrived from Pittsburg on train No. 1. It was then feared that Mr. Keene and his eldest son, Walter, a boy of 8 years of age, were lost. Brave men at once went to work among the burning timbers and soon discovered the charred remains of father and son close together, but burned to an unrecognizable mass. The corpses with those of the Italians that have been recovered are lying in a stall at Hayes' livery stable.

Only One Stairway.

It is thought that the Italians became so confused that they could not find the stairway, which was a narrow one, and to reach it required the opening of two doors in the rear of the building, and they were burned to death. The Italians were very intelligent and worked in the Rochester tumbler works. The fire originated in Keene's kitchen. All the household goods, together with Edwards' tea store, Hall's millinery store and Keene's shoe shop are destroyed. There is insurance on all the stores. The buildings belonged to John F. Smith, and were not insured.

List of the Victims.

Following are the names of those lost: Edward J. Keene, 50 years old, his son Walter, 8 years; Butteito Ceaplo, 45 years, his wife Annie, 35 years, his son John, 11 years, and his daughter Risa, 5 years; Victoria Ceapio, a brother, and Joe Romio, ages unknown. The nine bodies are so badly burned that they are unrecognizable. There has also been $500 in gold found among the ruins which belonged to the Italians. The Italian girl, the only one saved, says $500 are still in the ashes.

A Woman Burned to Death.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 6.—Frances Lewis, an aged colored woman, who was cook in a restaurant, was burned to death early Monday morning at her home. The old woman had made a bed on some chairs near the stove, and her screams aroused the police, who broke the door in, to find the woman a mass of flames and charred flesh. She died almost instantly. It is thought that a spark from the stove set fire to her clothing.

Launched into Eternity.

SOMERSET, Pa., April 2.—The Nicely brothers were hanged Thursday morning. The drop fell at 1:43.

On Wednesday evening, Feb. 27, 1889, Herman Umberger, aged 71, a wealthy farmer living on the Johnstown pike, about two miles from Jennertown, was shot and instantly killed, and robbed of about $16,000 by two men. Joseph Nicely, aged 37, and David Nicely, aged 25, both men of families, sons of well-to-do parents, and living about fifteen miles from the scene of the tragedy, were arrested, tried and found guilty of the murder.

O'Malley in a Dangerous Fix.

NEW ORLEANS, April 6.—The vigilance committee held a meeting and considered what disposion would be made of O'Malley. There was strong sentiment in favor of hanging him from the Clay statue at once, but it was finally agreed that he would be permitted to stand trial, and if not convicted, to be summarily deal with, as the indictments so far are formed on such flimsy evidence that acquittal is pretty sure if an impartial jury is found. Interesting subsequent events may follow, as O'Malley will fight and has friends behind him.

Three War Vessels Damaged.

NEW YORK, April 6.—A special to The Herald from Washington says that three of the vessels of the squadron of evolution have recently been grounded and their bottoms so badly damaged that Admiral Walker has recommended to the department that they be ordered to Norfolk at once for repairs. The Chicago, Atlanta and the Boston are the vessels. The latter, it is reported, was aground no less than three times. How serious the damages are will not be known until the vessels are docked.

Had Dynamite in His Possession.

CORK, April 6.—At the Cork assises John Foley was sentenced to seven years penal servitude for his having dynamite in his possession during the trouble at Tipperary. Michael Hanley was sentenced to sixteen months imprisonment with hard labor, and Michael Landers to one year's similar punishment for posting notices of boycotts. Moynihan and Readen were sentenced to ten years imprisonment each and Flynn and Kelleher to seven years each for moonlighting.

AH SIN IS HARD TO BEAT.

A Cargo of Him Takes Desperate Measures to Get Ashore at 'Frisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 7.—During a gale on the bay Monday the schooner Sadie F. Collier, destined for Chignuk bay, Alaska, with a cannery outfit, was found to be in a leaking condition. One hundred and forty Chinese were required to man the cannery, but as there has been great difficulty in securing Chinese for the work, the "slave dealers" have had to give advances to get the Chinese to ship. The schooner had ninety-five of her Chinese on board, and was ready to sail as soon as the the other forty-five Chinese should be put on board.

The Wily Celestial Grows Desperate.

The ninety-five on board the schooner had their advance money in their pockets and were burning for a chance to spend it. As they could not get ashore, owing to a vigorous watch they determined to sink the schooner. They procured an auger and bored several holes in the bottom of the vessel. Her crew had to be taken ashore as quickly as possible and the Chinese are spending their advance money in Chinatown.

NATURAL GAS EXPLOSION.

Eleven Persons Terribly Burned, Four of Them Fatally.

BRADDOCK, Pa., April 7.—At 4 o'clock Tuesday morning an explosion of natural gas occurred in a row of frame houses on Irwin alley near Thirteenth street, owned by John Eschler. One house was badly wrecked, and eleven men were terribly burned. The physicians say that four of them have received fatal injuries. One of them attempted to jump from a second story window and was badly cut with glass about the arms, head and hands. His legs and back were sprained by the fall. All of the men are Hungarians, and with one exception have families living in the old country. What was left of the building and contents by the explosion was destroyed by fire and water. The explosion is traceable to neglect of the employes of the Natural Gas company in failing to properly disconnect the house pipes from the street main, on which they were working.

DROVE OFF THE ITALIANS.

A Crowd of Laborers at Kansas City, Kan., Resents Cheap Labor.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., April 7.—Monday afternoon about eighteen Italians went over to Kansas City, Kan., seeking work. Hearing that the Phœnix Packing house, successor to the Kansas City Packing company, at the corner of First street and Osage avenue, was expecting to begin operations in the near future, they concluded to make application for work at that institution.

No Dollar-a-Day Men Wanted.

Other laborers were also at the building at the time, and when they found that the Italians had offered to work for $1 a day, they proceeded to do them up. They seized clubs and stones and charged upon the Italians, who made a hasty retreat. Several of the Italians were badly bruised and wounded, but none was seriously injured.

The Exodus from Ireland.

DUBLIN, April 7.—There is no abatement in the tide of Irish emigration. During the past week six liners took 1,426 persons, mostly of the farming class, but including a few mechanics, from Connaught and Munster. Fully two-thirds of the passage money of these people was paid by their kinsmen in America. All the steamers of the Inman and White Star lines announced to sail have full lists of passengers, and everything indicates that for the next three months the number of emigrants will be fully equal to that for the corresponding period of 1890.

A Threatening Situation.

BUDA PESTH, April 7.—The Pesther Lloyd publishes an article in which it is stated that semi-official advices received from Berlin represent that in the German capital the general European situation is regarded as extremely threatening. This, added to the repeated reports of heavy concentrations of Russian troops along the western frontier of the empire, has created considerable anxiety as to what the late spring may bring forth. The apparent entente between France and Russia tends to increase the feeling of apprehension.

Methodist University at the Capital.

BALTIMORE, Md., April 7.—Bishop Hurst, of the Methodist Episcopal church, who is presiding over the east German Episcopal conference in session here, says that for the property purchased for the Methodist university in Washington City, $35,000 has been paid in, $50,000 more subscribed, and the entire $100,000 will be in hand by the 1st of May.

Will Fight a Chicago Divorce.

COLUMBUS, Ind., April 7.—Several years ago Dr. J. P. Matson, of Rising Sun, abandoned his wife and six children and eloped with Mrs. J. P. Long, whom he afterward married, having obtained a divorce from his Indiana wife in Chicago. He died at London, Ky., last week, and Mrs. Matson No. 1 will claim his estate on the ground that the divorce was illegal.

Fire in a Telephone Exchange.

ALBANY, N. Y., April 7.—The telephone exchange, located in the Fifth story of the block between 464 and 472 Broadway, was damaged to the extent of $40,000 by fire Monday, caused by crossing of wires with the trolley system.

Made an Assignment.

LANCASTER, Pa., April 7.—Edwin Eberman, lumber dealer, has made an assignment, with liabilities estimated between $200,000 and $300,000. The assets, it is believed, will fully cover the liabilities.

Shot His Little Niece.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y., April 7.—Gen. Mingus, aged 27 years, while handling a shotgun which he thought was empty, shot and killed his little niece, Mary Snyder, aged 11 years.

Gas Works Burned.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., April 7.—The finely equipped works of the St. Augustine Gas Light company were burned Monday. The loss is $65,000, with but a small insurance.

Another Conspiracy Against the Czar.

LONDON, April 7.—The St. Petersburg correspondent to The Telegraph says that a conspiracy against the life of the czar has just been discovered there.

New York and the World's Fair.

ALBANY, N. Y., April 7.—The state senate has passed a bill appropriating $250,000 for New York state's exhibit at the World's fair.

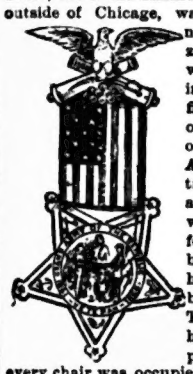
G. A. R. SILVER JUBILEE

Opening of the Notable Event at Decatur, Ills.,

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE ORDER.

The First Meeting Takes Place at Powers' Opera House, Which Is Handsomely Decorated for the Occasion—Ex-Governor Oglesby Makes a Speech and Receives an Ovation—An Address from Commander-in-Chief Veazey.

DECATUR, Ills., April 7.—Power's Opera house, one of the handsomest in the state outside of Chicago, was filled Monday night by the citizens of Decatur to witness the opening of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of the first post, G. A. R., in the country. The boxes and the galleries were elaborately festooned with silk banners, the work having been done by a Chicago firm. The opera house has a seating capacity of 1,600, and every chair was occupied. Dunham post, which is the outgrowth of original post No. 1, occupied seats on the stage, the Woman's Relief corps being given the center tier of the parquet. There were 355 members present.



Old Familiar War Airs.

At 8:30 p. m. Mayor Kanan, commander of the post, one of the charter members of post No. 1, called the post to parade rest and explained to the assemblage the occasion. The announcement was followed by a selection of national airs by Woodman's orchestra. As the old familiar war airs were rendered the post broke out in its old-time fervor, especially when "Marching Through Georgia" and "Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching" were given. The Rev. J. A. F. King invoked divine guidance and gave thanks in an appropriate prayer. Ex-Governor Oglesby came upon the stage at the conclusion of prayer and as he took his seat among the boys was greeted with cheers by the post, the audience prolonging the welcome.

Decatur Should Be Famous.

The reading of general order No. 18, issued by Commander Veazey, announcing the simultaneous observance of this occasion, was read by the Rev. Mr. King, supplemented by the address of the commander, which was also read by Mr. King, the entire audience remaining upon its feet. Commander-in-Chief of the Order Veazey in his address said he felt that this was the most memorable meeting which the order would ever have. He was sure that the fact that Decatur is the birthplace of the Grand Army of the Republic was enough to make the town famous for evermore in the history of civilization. Messages were received and read from many posts in the country contributing sums from $10 upward for the completion of the national memorial hall at Decatur. The consummation of this work is assured by the initial meeting of the state encampment.

A Handsome Gift.

Miss Belle Steele, daughter of Maj. Steele, of Decatur, sang the "Red, White and Blue," Dunham post coming in on the chorus. Two volumes of personal war sketches were presented to the post by David S. Shellaberger, who in his presentation remarks stated that he was not a soldier in the dark days, but he was a patriotic citizen. These volumes are so bulky that they could not be brought on the stage. Commander Kanan called upon Comrade and State Senator Johns to respond to the gift. The response was gracefully made, for the senator is quick witted and fluent and his talk called out repeated applause. The senator showed in his talk that the loyal citizen who remained at home during the war was a necessity.

A Speech by Ex-Governor Oglesby.

In response to a unanimous call, although the hour was late, ex-Governor Oglesby stepped to the front of the stage, and said his ardor was somewhat dampened by the close approach to midnight. He wanted to say, however, that as this was probably the last occasion of this sort he would indulge in he proposed to make the most of it. He was here to camp with the boys and he was going to stay here the remainder of the week. He was fond of being invited out. He never knew a soldier who wasn't. The Grand Army of the Republic had not an unkind feeling for any man on earth. Long ago it forgave the misguided men who had fired upon it. The speaker made an eloquent appeal for the completion of the national memorial hall, and said that Decatur was the place for it.

The Celebration at Nashville, Tenn.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., April 7.—The Grand Army posts of the city met in special session at their post rooms Monday, the occasion being the twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of the first post of the order. At Sheridan post No. 67 the orders relating to the occasion were read to the members, and at 8:30 o'clock the adjutant commenced reading the circular issued by the order of Commander-in-Chief Veasey. This order was read simultaneously throughout the United States in all post rooms. After the reading, Commander Merrill delivered a very impressive prayer. Adjt. C. H. Smart then delivered an eloquent address on the rise and progress of the order in general.

The Maxwell Land Grant.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 7.—The supreme court has affirmed the judgment of the circuit court of the United States for the district of Colorado in favor of the Maxwell Land Grant company on a suit brought against that company by the Inter-State Land company to recover a large tract of land in Las Animas county, Colo. In the course of an opinion by Justice Lamar, the court holds that the questions affecting the validity of the Maxwell land grant are no longer open; that the action of congress, of the land department and of the courts has settled that question forever.

Made a Fearful Plunge.

ST. PAUL, Minn., April 7.—John Thompson, a sewing machine agent, became despondent, and leaped from the Smith avenue bridge, a distance of 200 feet, to the river below. He was alive when picked up, but died within twenty minutes.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Mrs. French Sheldon, the American lady who has been dubbed "the female Stanley" by reason of her intention to penetrate into Africa, has left Zanzibar with a caravan of eighty porters.

A colony of farmers from Illinois have bought 6,000 acres of land near the town of Mercedes, Cal., which will be divided into twenty-acre tracts.

The Quincy mine, at Hancock, Mich., has been sold to Mason & Smith for $710,000.

Charles Hawkins was killed near Kaufman, Tex., by Marion Hampton in a quarrel about a young woman for whose hand they were rivals.

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth's full name is Emma Dorothy Eliza Neuetta Southworth, and she explains it by saying that her parents were so poor that they could give her nothing else, so they bestowed upon her all those valuable names.

William Sprague, on trial at Ava, Mo., for the murder of D. M. Cornelius, was found guilty in the second degree and his punishment fixed at ninety-nine years' imprisonment.

The death rate from grip at Pittsburg, Pa., is increasing. The undertakers are pressed to keep up with the amount of business offered.

Three excise commissioners of New York were placed on trial for refusing to revoke the licenses of saloon keepers who kept their places open within a quarter of a mile of a polling place.

The citizens of Nashville, Tenn., use the United States street mail boxes for spittoons.

A Shreveport, La., beet of the blood-red variety weighs forty-six pounds. It grew on Silver Lake soil.

A flowing well from which a strong current of cold air constantly gushes is the latest curiosity near Greensburg, La.

It has been raining in Sumner county, Ga., incessantly for sixty days. The damage to farms is estimated at $50,000.

In Annam, a French colony in eastern Asia, there is in circulation a coin, the "loof," which is a flat, round gold piece, worth $65.

The British soldiers' life at Indian frontier stations can not be altogether happy. One noon recently the thermometer registered 94 degrees at the Gnatong fort in Sikkim. That night it fell to 17 degrees above zero.

Mrs. Phœbe Campbell died at Dexter, Me., aged 102 years.

It is announced that Edwin Booth will be seen on the stage no more after the end of the current week.

The Bulgarian government has offered $5,000 reward for the apprehension of Minister Baltcheff's murderers.

Heavy rains are reported in northern Iowa.

All the street car lines in Denver have been tied up by an unprecedentedly heavy fall of snow.

Many Socialists have been arrested in Berlin for the murder of Mrs. Schladeck, who was killed because she betrayed the secrets of the Socialists.

Whit Adams, mate of the Mississippi river steamer Kate Adams, threw a club at a negro roustabout who had dropped a box of meat. The missile went wide of the mark and struck another negro named John Wilson on the head, fracturing his skull. Adams fled.

A hot county seat contest is in progress in Harrison county, Iowa, between Missouri Valley and Logan, the present location. The Valley offers to build a $20,000 courthouse if the location is made there.

Mason Woodard, aged 6, who lives at Central Square, near Syracuse, N. Y., tried to commit suicide by hanging himself in an apple tree. His yells brought his father to the rescue. He had been in poor health.

New Orleans planing mill employes were locked out because they refused to work with non-union men.

The government debt increased $440,000 during March.

Five cases of trichiniasis, the result of eating raw ham, are reported near Platteville, Wis. Three of the patients will die.

The United States mints during March coined 8,226,322 pieces of money, valued at $7,118,170.

E. E. Shelton, who recently died at Montreal, left the bulk of his fortune, amounting to $250,000, to the mission fund of the Church of England.

The Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha railroad has purchased the Sault Ste. Marie and Southwestern railroad for $400,000. The road is thirty-eight miles long and extends from Fairchild to Mondovi, Wis.

The wheat acreage of Kansas is 35 per cent. greater than last year, and the prospects for a crop are unusually good.

The 80th birthday of ex-President James McCosh, of Princton university, was celebrated Wednesday.

All papers in Alabama publish a call for a state convention to meet in Montgomery on May 30 to start a movement to raise $100,000 for an exhibit at the World's fair.

David Lewis, a Duluth pressman, has received notice from his people in Chicago that he has fallen heir to a fifth interest in $28,000,000 at Portsmouth, England. The fortune is left to Lewis by his grandfather on his mother's side.

The North German Lloyd and the Hamburg-American steamship companies have decided to use American coal instead of English.

Judge Paul A. Weil killed himself at West Bend, Wis. He was suffering with la grippe.

An "English novelty company" struck Carthage, Ills., and failed to draw patronage. The company was destitute and subsisted upon cheese and crackers and slept in the opera house. They walked out of town.

Marshal Harper, of Kenton, Ohio, was killed by William Vail, whom he was taking to jail for creating a disturbance in a saloon.

Governor Fifer has issued a proclamation setting Friday, April 10, as Arbor Day in the state of Illinois.

A drunken man picked up on the streets of Seattle, Wash., had $14,000 in his coat.

In a Swiss canton the municipal authorities have decided that all employers must share profits with the laborers.

Poisoned grain has been scattered in the court house yard at Sioux City, Iowa, and it is expected that the English sparrow will eat it and die.

The heirs of the late Ann Elizabeth Bostwick, of Galena, Ills., are entitled to $348,000 from the French spoliation claim fund.

Stanley's servant, Sali, while sitting in the Kimball house at Atlanta, Ga., was shaken by a policeman who called him a — negro and told him to get out. The hotel people say that Sali was impertinent and deserved what he got.

At Bloomington, Ind., Ward Demarell cut his sick mother's throat and then his own. Both died instantly.

The difficulty between the operators and miners of the mines along the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad in the Peoria district has been settled and the men have been ordered to resume work.

A strike is imminent of employes of the large coal mines at Coshocton, Ohio, owing to their demand for an increase of 7 cents per ton.

The king of Greece will abdicate his throne in favor of his son, the Duke of Sparta. His majesty intends to become a resident of England.

William P. Jones, of Valparaiso, Ind., while stealing a ride on a freight train, fell between the cars and was crushed to death.

Governor Boyd, of Nebraska, returned to the house of representatives without his approval the bill entitled "An act to regulate railroads," better known as the maximum freight rate bill. The house immediately passed it over the veto. The senate, however, sustained the veto.

The number of cases of la grippe in Pittsburg has decreased.

In Washington City authoritative denial is given the report that Secretaries Rusk and Noble are at odds as to naming a commissioner of the general land office.

Cora Roberts, an actress, was taken to Bellevue hospital in New York in a demented condition caused by smoking cigarettes.

Fruit growers in the Michigan peach belt agree that the prospect was never better at this time of the year for a full crop.

Judge David Taylor, associate justice of the supreme court of Wisconsin, died suddenly at his home in Madison.

Suit was filed against Snead & Co., iron founders, of Louisville, Ky., for violating the alien labor law.

Police Captain Campbell, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has notified the white policemen in his precinct that the boycott on the colored policeman, Wiley G. Overton, has gone far enough and must stop.

The early dissolution of the Pittsburg oil exchange is extremely probable. For several months past there has been no dealing in petroleum and the brokers have about decided to quit business.

For the first quarter of 1891 exports from Hamburg to America have increased $1,000,000 over the same period in 1890. This under the new tariff.

Robert Grigsby, of Newark, Ohio, blew the top of his head off. He was 38 years of age and married.

Mrs. Jennie Van Hynning, a widow, teacher in the Alamo, Mich., school has brought a breach of promise suit for $10,000 against a wealthy farmer of Alamo, named Mathew Barion. She is 33 and the negligent wooer 40.

Martin, alias "Gub" Mayberry was found hanging to a tree near Bryant station, Tenn. A note was left by the lynchers, saying: "This is done for the protection of our wives and daughters."

By the delayed explosion of a blast in a mine at Canon City, Colo., Tom Gallagher was killed and Peter Beech was fatally injured.

The carriage and wagon makers of Pittsburg, Pa., have decided not to accede to the demands of their men for higher wages.

Governor Bowle, of North Carolina, has appointed Capt. Octavious Coke to succeed Col. William L. Saunders as secretary of state.

Nicholas Dignee, a prominent stone contractor of Albuquerque, N. M., shot and killed himself because Miss Clara Musio would not marry him.

Hay and feed is so high in the neighborhood of Sioux City, Iowa, that farmers are selling their stock at any price rather than feed it.

Mrs. Nicely, mother of the two murderers who were hanged at Greensburg, Pa., last week, and who was reported to be incurably insane, has regained her reason.

Jeff Jakes, of Salina, Kan., shot his wife on the street in that city. The woman will recover. Jealousy was the cause.

The horribly mutilated remains of a man, unknown, were found on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy track a short distance from Peoria, Ills.

Only 2,044 foreigners have been naturalized in Mexico since 1828.

An Iowa girl recently ran away from home to avoid playing on the piano.

A workman, F. Budd, employed at the Erie railway shops at Jersey City, has invented a locomotive which, it is expected, will make over eighty miles an hour.

John Sullivan, an old soldier whose whereabouts have been unknown by his friends at Vandalia, Ills., since two weeks ago, has turned up at the Soldiers' Home at Dayton, Ohio.

Henry Baker, of Charles City, Iowa, was fined $500 for violating the prohibition law.

Capt. Pratt, of Atlanta, Ga., committed suicide at Milledgeville, Ga. He had just committed his wife to an insane asylum at that place, and was crazed by grief.

Secretary Blaine has ordered the cruiser San Francisco to Chili and the Charleston to Honolulu in anticipation of trouble in Hawaii.

One hundred and four more men have arrived at Ashland, Wis., and joined the line at the land office, waiting until the Omaha lands are thrown open to settlers.

Plenty Horses, the Indian who shot Lieut. Casey at Pine Ridge, S. D., has been taken to Sioux Falls for trial.

The Louisville (Ky.) Public Warehouse company has brought suit to secure an interpretation of a clause in the McKinley bill under which reimported whisky is taxed.

At Burgoon, Ohio, Mrs William Murphy locked herself in a room, took a dose of carbolic acid, and cut her throat. She tried to drown herself a week ago by jumping into a cistern.

In a quarrel over position in the line formed at the Ashland, Wis., land office, Nick Flynn shot Dan Mahoney.

Death Rate at Chicago.

CHICAGO, April 6.—The total number of deaths for last week was 960. Two hundred and thirty-two were from pneumonia and seventy-five directly the result of influenza. The number of deaths for the past week exceeds that of the previous week by twenty-six, and up to noon Monday there were nine-two deaths, which shows no let up on the dreadful and unusual mortality.

To Succeed Senator Wilson.

BALTIMORE, Md., April 6.—Governor Jackson has announced himself a candidate for the United States senate to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Wilson.

STRIKERS SHOT DOWN.

Serious and Bloody Riot at Morewood, Pa.

A WILD TIME IN THE COKE REGION.

The Striking Hungarians Attack the Deputy Sheriffs on Guard and Eleven Men Killed and a Number Wounded Is the Result—The Situation So Serious That Governor Pattison Orders the Militia to the Scene of Trouble.

PITTSBURG, April 2.—The following telegram has been received at the Frick company's office in this city: The strikers marched on Morewood early Thursday morning and Clawson's deputy sheriffs met them. Result, eight dead strikers and several wounded. One of the clerks in the office at Morewood reports that they got information that they were to be attacked from three points, and the deputies were divided into three squads, one stationed at the barn under Capt. Loar. The crowd passed the store and threw stones into the windows, but they were allowed to pass on unmolested.

Two Volleys Fired.

They then went to the gate leading into the barn and were breaking it down when Capt. Loar commanded them to halt. Their response to his commands was to fire on them. He then ordered his men to fire, with the result above stated. It is said that they fired twice before the rioters dispersed. The crowd numbered about 500 and left Standard at 2:50 o'clock a. m., and before leaving broke down the telephone so that Morewood could not be communicated with, but the Standard men fixed up the line and notified Morewood of the movements of the mob.

Cause of the Outbreak.

The cause of the uprising among the strikers was the activity displayed at the Morewood works. The coke drawers and miners were at work all day, and five cars of coke were shipped during the day. This made the strikers desperate, and an attack was determined on. The rioters evidently expected to surprise the deputies who were defending the works. As soon as the guards fired on the rioters there was a stampede. A number of the more reckless persisted in remaining until they became convinced that the guard was determined to prevent the destruction of property at any cost. In addition to the eight killed forty were wounded more or less seriously and some of them will die

Three More Rioters Killed.

At 9 o'clock another riot was precipitated in which three more Huns were killed and about twenty-five wounded, some of whom will, it is thought, die. The sheriff and two deputies arrived home on the 9 o'clock train having two of the rioters in custody, one of whom was wounded in the leg. Both were lodged in jail. Sheriff Clawson has just telegraphed Governor Pattison for the militia, as he fears the Huns and other rioters, who number thousands, will arm themselves, overpower the deputies and kill them all before they can realize the situation.

Preparations for the Fight.

The deputies who took part in the riot were all full-grown, experienced men and they were armed to the teeth. A more deliberate arrangement for contemplated trouble was never made. Wednesday night Superintendent Pickard summoned his deputies and told them that a raid was contemplated on the works. He formed them into a line and examined the firearms of each one. He then presented each man with a Winchester rifle, drilled them in the use of the weapon and ordered them on duty. When they were retiring Superintendent Pickard said:

Would Protect the Men.

"I will be in command. I have received positive information that our works are to be raided. I have promised protection to our men and I must give it to them. When the raiders come, obey me. Fire the first shot in the air. If the raiders do not retreat fire the second and keep on firing while you have ammunition. Protect the company's property, protect the men at work and protect your own lives. The man in my employ who runs I will shoot dead on the spot. Any man who is not willing to accept my terms will please drop into the rear and I will send him home under guard."

Twenty-Six Rounds of Ammunition.

There was no one dropped back. All the deputies looked grim and serious and awaited further orders.

"Is everybody satisfied?" asked the superintendent.

"Yes, yes," rang out all along the line. Each man was supplied with twenty-six cartridges and under the command of the superintendent were marched to a convenient point.

All night long the strikers were preparing for the raid. Delegations headed by drum corps marched to and fro to places of rendezvous. An occasional pistol shot in the distance was accepted as a mysterious signal. Now and then a rocket flashed into the air and from an adjoining hill top a swinging light could be seen.

Evidences of Danger.

The guards did not know what these signals meant. They were accepted as evidences of danger, however, and the people at and about the various works did not retire during the night. It is said that the miners were prepared to blow up the mine at Morewood. Such is the latest development into the affair. There were three parties of the strikers. One came from Stonerville. A railroad watchman there saw a large crowd of the strikers pass. They were very noisy and were cheering and shouting as they came along. They had drums and were constantly beating them.

Dyspepsia

Makes many lives miserable, and often leads to self destruction. Distress after eating, sick headache, heartburn, sour stomach, mental depression, etc., are caused by this very common and increasing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, creates an appetite, promotes healthy digestion, relieves sick headache, clears the mind, and cures the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia. Read the following

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced. It relieved me of that faint, tired, all-gone feeling. I have felt so much better since I took Hood's Sarsaparilla that I am happy to recommend it." G. A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

N. B. Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

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CHICAGO, APRIL 11, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"John Needham's Double."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Jefferson-Florence Comedy Co.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts. — McCaull Opera Company.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Charles Frohman's Co. "Men and Woman."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"A Trip to Chinatown."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union —"Flirtation."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—"Money Mad."

WINDSOR THEATRE.
North Clark and Division streets. — "The Limited Mail."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Midnight Alarm."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
South Halstead street near Madison.—"The Ivy Leaf."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sun-

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A MILESIAN," City.—THE CITIZEN has repeatedly said that it would take no notice of anonymous communications. Much of what you say may be true, but the manner in which you tell the truth is decidedly offensive.

"HISTORIAN," City.—The Spaniards and the Italians were earlier allies of the Irish in their efforts to throw off the English yoke than the French. See John Mitchel's "Life of Hugh O'Neill."

"SLIGO MAN," St. Louis—The true pronunciation of the word Connaught is Connacht—the accent being about equal on both the first and second syllables. The English call it Connawt, with a strong accent on the last syllable.

"CORRESPONDENT," City.—You are misinformed. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy is a Catholic—at least he was born in that faith.

"IRISH PROTESTANT," City—None but a very ignorant Anglo-American would show surprise at meeting a refined and educated Irishman. The trouble is that most Irish Protestants, whose creed brings them more closely in contact with Anglo-Americans in this country than their Catholic fellow-countrymen, are too timid to rebuke the insolence of some of the self-sufficient Anglo-American asses they chance to meet in "sassiety."

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

HEMPSTEAD WASHBURNE ELECTED.

The result of the municipal election is said to be in doubt at the hour of going to press. THE CITIZEN does not believe it. All the indications point to the election of Mr. Hempstead Washburne to the mayoralty by a plurality not large but sufficient. His interests are in competent hands, and our firm belief is that the official count will show him to be elected by a larger plurality than that now claimed by his friends.

Mr. Washburne deserves his victory. Throughout the campaign he has been active, vigorous and eloquent, and if there was any flaw in the conduct of affairs the blame certainly does not rest with him. He took the Knownothing bull by the horns at the outset, and it is THE CITIZEN'S firm belief that had his policy been pursued by all the speakers, his plurality would have been, at least, 5,000, because a large number of Democrats did not feel like throwing their votes away on the respective chiefs of factions in their own party, and also because they wished to emphasize their strong disapproval of bigotry in politics.

There were many able Irish-American speakers in the city who, for some cause, were not called upon to speak, although their names, as we understand it, were suggested. It was short sighted, to say the least of it, not to have out in the campaign for Mr. Washburne and his friends such orators as Mr. Matthew P. Brady, Lawrence Harmon, Judge Marcus Kavanagh and John Gibbons. Mass meetings should have been held in West Twelfth street Turner Hall, and in other Irish-American centres, as well as in the Anglo-American, German, Scandinavian, Bohemian and Polish districts which were attended to. The Irish element is peculiarly susceptible to oral exhortation—it always has been, and it always will be—and, with all due respect to the Republican campaign committee, that part of the battle was not marshalled quite as vigorously as it ought to have been. Still enough Irish Democratic votes were given to Mr. Hempstead Washburne to make him mayor of Chicago.

On the other hand, the Republican committee exhibited excellent judgement in declining to hold meetings on Easter Sunday. Such a proceeding would have shocked the Sabbath loving portion of the community, and would have had no good effect on those who believe in secularizing that day of rest and devotion. It has been our own experience that political meetings held on a Sunday have generally been mischievous. It is a day when the rowdy element of the community has a chance to "liquor up" and become disorderly. The hostile papers exaggerate the tumult, and the effect on the people at large is the reverse of favorable.

Elmer Washburne, on the face of the police returns, seems to have polled about 24,000 votes. Some of those who voted for him were constitutional mugwumps, or kickers, while a very large portion of his support came from those Knownothing marplots whose machinations THE CITIZEN laid before its readers last week. They now recognize the fact that they are not powerful even for the purposes of defeat, and that their reign, such as it was, in this community is at an end.

Persons, supposed to be well posted in city affairs, claim that Carter Harrison received from 8,000 to 10,000 Republican votes. If this is true, the need of thorough reorganization in that party is apparent. It must not fail, in the future, to recognize certain elements of strength in the make up of its tickets, which were omitted in the recent convention. As matters stand at present, the Democrats, if united, can carry through any city ticket they may put up, and their latest defeat, which they very justly claim to be due to Carter Harrison's defection, will only serve to bind them closer together in future contests. A final word to the local Republican party—it must serve notice to quit on such Knownothings as may remain in its councils, or its ranks, if it wishes to regain the commanding position it once held in this city and county.

HARSH LANGUAGE IN SLIGO.

The defeat of Mr. Parnell's parliamentary candidate in North Sligo was expected, and it seemed to THE CITIZEN an unwise move on the part of the Parnellites to contest the seat. The struggle has been productive of nothing but foul language, and has served the enemies of Irish liberty by enabling them to point with great satisfaction to the anything but interesting spectacle of the champions of Home Rule, on both sides, engaged in the disreputable work of pulling one another down. The English press is jubilant over the situation, and, although Mr. Parnell keeps up a brave front, it is easy to read between the lines that he has but small hope of carrying a majority of the Irish constituencies against the influence of the Catholic bishops and clergy. To us in America the appearance of things in Ireland is both disheartening and disgusting. It is quite certain that nothing of moment can be accomplished here while faction remains unhealed on the other side of the ocean. The Parliamentary party seems determined to throw away any chance it ever had of carrying a Home Rule measure. The following language, used by Maurice Healy, M.P., at Sligo, on March 26, cannot fail to bring a blush of shame to the face of any Irishman who possesses the least spark of self respect:

"Having referred to the recent assault on his brother, Mr. Healy said that Mr. Parnell had already introduced his name among them. He did not appear to be very anxious to visit the constituency in the ordinary way. He had not courage to do that, but was fond of making his entrance and exit by irregular ways. He used to enter Capt. O'Shea's house by the back door and leave by the window, and apparently he intended treating the constituency of Sligo in the same fashion. Mr. Parnell had told the electors in Sligo that he (Healy) ran away from his challenge, but it was he who ran away. Mr. Parnell's followers in Cork had been comparing him to a giant, and like the giant in the fairy tales he went on the platform and called out 'Fee faw fum, I smell the blood of an Irishman.' They knew what happened to the giant in the story, and if the same fate did not overtake Mr. Parnell it would be because he had found discretion the better part of valor and ran away from the challenge which he had so vigorously put forth. The speaker remembered a former challenge with which Mr. Parnell's name was connected. It was about ten years ago, when a military gentleman called Capt. O'Shea invited Mr. Parnell across St. George's Channel with pistols and coffee for two. Mr. Parnell missed the train, forgot all about it, or something else turned up. Thus, when he (the speaker) was challenged by a man who ran away from a feather bed soldier, he thought he had not such a formidable opponent after all. Mr. Parnell's friends in the press and on the platform had found out two causes for his behavior. The *Freeman's Journal* of yesterday—he believed it was to be changed to the *Adulterer's Advocate* shortly—pretended to find that what he (Mr. Healy) meant by resigning his seat was that he would put up some other man to contest it against Mr. Parnell, and that not such a hop of my thumb as he was would enter the lists against that great man (laughter). He would tell Mr. Parnell that it was not the habit of any of the Healy family to run away from a fight (cheers), and if Mr. Parnell meant to carry out his promises he would see that he would be beaten by two to one. But he would manage not to keep it, as he had got out of the habit of keeping promises."

Mr. Parnell, in general, avoided personalities in his speeches, but he occasionally allowed his feelings to break forth in invective. In dealing with the tenant and landlord question, on the same day that Healy spoke, he said:

"I believe that the tenant farmer would be all the more patriotic and strong because he knew that the fruits of his labor were safe for his family, and safe for those who will go after him (cheers). I have stood by my old platform since 1879, when I said in Galway that I took off my coat, because I knew that by securing the interests of the tenant farmers I was also securing the interests of Irish nationality (cheers). I do not come before you today as a mere land reformer. I have come to Sligo as an Irish Nationalist with a consistent record, who has never broken his pledges, and who will never break them (cheers). I can point to my past history as a public man, and can look into your eyes with a clear and steady conscience, for I have never betrayed your interests (loud cheers). I am sure that I have by my side in North Sligo, and throughout the length and breadth of the land, all that is best and strongest in Irish public life, and that if I was willing to give up your confidence and allow the banner of Irish nationality, upheld in the past, which you gave into my hands in 1877, to be trailed in the dust, the men of Ireland, who are behind me, would not let me (cheers). They would say, 'Go on. Fight this out, and bring these miserable seceders into their proper places (cheers), and when you have once more got a united Ireland back again, press forward against the common foe until you have once more compelled the English party to concede a full measure of legislative independence (loud cheers).'"

Brian Boru was the only Irishman who succeeded in hammering his countrymen into complete subjection, and afterward turned them with success against the common enemy of his time—the Danes. THE CITIZEN fears that Mr. Parnell will find King Brian's policy a hard thing to follow in these degenerate days. Again THE CITIZEN implores the people of Ireland to put a stop to the fatal quarrel now in progress. If necessary, let ever obnoxious person, on both sides, be set aside, and let the struggle be renewed with good cheer and a united front. Any more exhibitions like those of North Kilkenny and North Sligo will have a most demoralizing effect on the Irish in America. Close up the ranks and move forward, gentlemen.

"LET US HAVE PEACE."

It is understood that the president and council of the Irish National League of America are soon to hold debate over the situation of affairs here and across the water. They may as well tell both parties in Ireland that, while they do not wish to dictate any terms of leadership whatever, they insist upon one essential as regards American support, namely, UNION. Without that nothing can be achieved either here or at home. Mr. Parnell is making a gallant battle in Ireland, but, at the same time, his enemies as well as his supporters are Irishmen. The spectacle is a sad and shameful one. Parnell is about the only moral force leader who ever scored a victory over the Irish landlords. He has been the consistent friend of Irish farmers. Yet the large Irish farmers, we shame to have to say it, treat him, in the main, ungratefully, while the townspeople and small farmers, for whom he has not been able to do nearly as much, enthusiastically support him. The great mass of the men who have no votes are with him, while, up to date, a majority of the men who have votes appear to be against him. With the clerical influence left out of the contest, Parnell would sweep everything before him in Ireland.

The one good reason why the Irish at home and abroad should sustain Parnell, is because the evil of clerical dictation in political affairs should be resented. There ought to be some honorable way out of the whole difficulty. Somebody has suggested that the whole Irish party ought to resign, and leave the decision of the present difficulty in the hands of the people. The suggestion is a good one, but there is an obstacle in the way in the matter of finance. Where is the money for the necessary expenses of election to come from? Certainly not from America under existing conditions. Then there is a certainty that the Tories, having plenty of money at their disposal, would be certain to defeat some of the national candidates in close districts. Instead of McCarthy and Parnell sending delegates to us to collect funds, we should send delegates to them to advise peace and harmony.

TO CREGIER: Old man, don't try to hold on to office by an act of felony.

To Washburne: Young man, stand upon your rights. The country, as well as the city, expects you to do your duty.

ANY election judge or clerk who has proven false to his trust should go to the penitentiary.

SIDNEY SMITH was counted out in 1885. Hempstead Washburne must not be counted out in 1891.

A BALLOT BOX thief is more dangerous to good government than a burglar.

THE election law should be amended so as to preserve the ballots cast for one year. The provision to burn them immediately after being counted by the precinct judges is the weak spot in its armor.

HEMPSTEAD WASHBURNE cannot be bulldozed out of his office.

THE best thing Mr. Cregier can do is to accept his defeat gracefully and refuse to allow his last days in office to be stained by a crime against the law of the land.

LOOK OUT FOR FRAUD! THE CITIZEN is credibly informed that the following precinct returns were held back in the Sixteenth, Twenty-third and Twenty-ninth wards: Fourteenth precinct of the Sixteenth ward, Cregier, 366; Harrison, 39; Hempstead Washburne, 21. Fourth precinct of the Twenty-third ward, Cregier, 326; Harrison, 16; Hempstead Washburne, 38. Fifteenth precinct of the Twenty-ninth ward, Cregier, 502; Harrison, 18; Hempstead Washburne, 6! Every sensible man in Chicago cannot help pronouncing the foregoing return an outrageous fraud.

RESULT OF THE ELECTION.

The Vote for Mayor.

The *Tribune* gives the following figures of the complete returns by wards, which are the best obtainable on the mayoralty question. They are compiled both from the police returns and from independent researches made by reporters. They leave no doubt of Hempstead Washburne's election:

Ward.	Washburne, Rep.	Cregier, Dem.	Harrison, Dem.	Washburn, Cit.
1	1 202	2 366	861	266
2	1.557	1 044	871	662
3	1 923	1.109	738	624
4	1 954	1.174	750	999
5	1.072	2.099	1.632	745
6	1.167	2 614	1,658	528
7	1.174	1,313	1,580	107
8	883	1,330	1 997	140
9	1.467	1 420	1 613	228
10	1,708	1 336	1.573	727
11	1 944	1,162	1 608	1.036
12	3 013	1 579	1,676	1,910
13	1,570	1 487	1,342	1,395
14	1 638	716	1,546	675
15	1,166	969	1 576	851
16	1 198	2 455	1 672	566
17	704	964	1,238	380
18	1,118	1 638	1 652	610
19	1 157	2,387	2 442	372
20	1 203	499	1 013	396
21	1 606	664	1 743	342
22	1 600	637	1 793	355
23	1 415	1 454	1 254	333
24	1 968	1 495	1 061	327
25	1,567	893	907	731
26	1,109	560	1,318	497
27	726	378	305	294
28	395	679	232	102
29	734	2,965	971	596
30	1 582	2 201	1,371	1,504
31	1 211	795	520	1 222
32	1 911	931	549	1,276
33	828	1,626	452	543
34	1 367	1,782	646	1 536
Total	46,857	46,421	42.170	23,896

Other City Officers.

CITY TREASURER.

For the office of city treasurer Peter Kiolbassa still maintains the lead. The police returns give:

Peter Kiolbassa, Dem.	44,418
Jacob Tiedemann, Rep.	43,838
Louis Nettelhorst, Ind.	39 302
John H. Leslie, Cit.	21,462
Julius Vahlteich, Soc.	2,128

CITY ATTORNEY.

The race between Kern and Nicholson was a fairly close one, as will be seen by the following summary:

R. F. Nicholson, Rep.	47,202
Jacob J. Kern, Dem.	46,478
George F. Sung, Ind.	35 383
Milton R. Freshwaters, Cit.	20,415
J. Harry Kraft, Soc.	2,370

CITY CLERK.

Van Cleave had an easy victory, as appears from the follwing summary:

James R. B. VanCleave, Rep.	53 991
James C. Strain, Dem.	45 049
Michael T. O'Connor, Ind.	32,425
Bjoern Edwards, Cit.	16,010
Henry Gers, Soc.	2,265

Town Officers Elected.

The following tables indicate the successful candidates for town officers in the several towns:

NORTH TOWN.

	Plurality.
Assessor—S. B. Chase (Dem.)	5,155
Collector—Charles P. Miller (Dem.)	1,734
Supervisor—Walter Uhlrich (Rep.)	1,057
Clerk—William Donahoe (Dem.)	1,305

SOUTH TOWN.

Assessor—J. W. Richards (Dem.)	2,581
Collector—J. W. Lindheimer (Dem.)	2,165
Supervisor—James E. Cummings (Dem.)	1,900
Clerk—William Kirwin (Dem.)	3,005

WEST TOWN.

Assessor—T. E. Ryan (Dem.)	7,397
Collector—H. O. Hansen (Dem.)	7 446
Supervisor—F. J. Nieboff (Dem.)	8,057
Clerk—M. J. Scanlan (Dem.)	9,310

HYDE PARK.

Assessor—John A. McIntosh (Rep.)	2,443
Collector—Charles F. Clark (Rep.)	2 481
Supervisor—John A. Symonds (Rep.)	1,777
Clerk—Charles A. Squires (Rep.)	1,478

LAKE VIEW.

Assessor—James W. Pease (Rep.)	1,780
Collector—A. J. Hahne (Rep.)	868
Supervisor—William Klee (Rep.)	405
Clerk—James J. Wilson (Rep.)	943

LAKE.

Assessor—Joseph Katzenberg (Dem.)	3,050
Collector—John Burke (Dem.)	2,781
Supervisor—Otto Miller (Dem.)	2,367
Clerk—John W. Donnelly (Dem.)	2,867

CICERO.

Assessor—T. A. Snow (Rep.)	947
Collector—F. H. Wo (Rep.)	922
Supervisor—D. Oliphant (Rep.)	956
Clerk—G. W. Hallenbeck (Rep.)	937

JEFFERSON.

Assessor—William Johnson (Dem.)	235
Collector—L. J. Youngquist (Rep.)	219
Supervisor—Daniel Calhoun (Rep.)	259
Clerk—L. J. Dingman (Rep.)	59

CALUMET.

Assessor—Ten Broeck (Dem.)	20
Collector—Engelhardt (Rep.)	365
Supervisor—Dick De Jones (Rep.)	158
Clerk—Edgar Ayars (Rep.)	9

The New City Council.

The next council will be as follows:

1	Nicholas A. Cremer	D
	John R. Morris	D
2	Frank C Vierling	R
	J. W. Woodard	R
3	Anson Gorton	R
	L. B. Dixon	R
4	John W. Hepburn	R
	M. B. Madden	R
5	Charles Duer	D
	P. J. Wall	D
	Edward F. Burke	D
6	W. J. O'Brien D, or Thomas Reed	D
	John A. Cooke	D
7	W. J. Murphy	D
	Frank J. Dvorak	D
8	Mart Morrison	D
	Edward F. Cullerton	D
9	Joseph E. Bidwell	R
	William Schwerin	R
10	John Dorman	D
	Walter M. Pond	R
11	William D. Kent	R
	Robert L. Martin	R
12	D. W. Mills	R
	B. W. Roth	D
13	Martin Knowles	D
14	James Keats	R
	Philip Jackson	D
15	Michael Bowler	R
	Harold Michaelson	R
16	John J. Dahlman	D
	Stanley Kunze	D
17	Philip Young	D
	Stephen M. Gosselin	D
18	William F. Mahoney	D
	John Brennan	D
19	John Powers	D
	Michael O'Brien	D
20	William Eisfeldt, Jr.	R
	W. C. Pfister	R
21	Adam Meyer	D
	John McGillen	D
22	Julius Goldzier	D
	Edward Muelhoefer	R
23	Daniel O'Brien	D
	John J. McCormick	D
24	James B. McAbee	D
	Peter J. Biegler	D
25	Austin O. Sexton	D
	Frank E. Brookman	D
26	Bernard F. Webber	R
	P. F. Haynes	D
27	David B. Fonda	R
	Mathew J. Conway	R
28	Thomas Kelly	D
	Frank M. McCarthy	D
29	Thomas Gahan	D
	Thomas Cary	D
30	John F. Kenny	D
	Adam Rauen	D
31	Edwin J. Noble	R
	Edwin J. Plowman	R
32	William C. Kinney	R
	William R. Kerr	R
33	Patrick J. Gorman	D
	Ernst Hummel	D
34	James Chasey	R
	John Brown	D

IRISH NEWS NOTES.

The Mitchelstown & Fermoy railway was opened for traffic on March 23.

Rev. P. R. Staunton, Tubbercurry, has been elected a member of the Royal Society of Antiquaries.

New Tipperary, Clonmel, has been purchased as a going concern on behalf of the local Parnellite committee.

A very interesting lecture on St. Finnchua (patron saint of Mitchelstown) with some local history, was delivered in the Town hall, Mitchelstown, on St. Patrick's night by the Rev. Courtnay Moore, M.A., rector of Brigown, and district secretary of the Royal Society of Antiquaries. There was a large attendance, including the venerable Dean O'Regan, P.P., V.G.; Rev. C. S. O'Connor, Rev. J. D. Sexton, and other clergymen.

The Very Rev. Charles McGlynn, P.P., V.G., succeeds the late Mgr. McMenamin in the charge of the parish of Stranorlar.

Dr. Butcher, an eminent Irish surgeon long resident in Dublin, died on March 21 in Sandymount. He was a native of Kerry, the son of a retired admiral, and was over 70 years of age.

The Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, bishop of Raphoe, has made the following appointments: Very Rev. Charles McGlynn, V.G., Dungloe, to be parish priest of Stranorlar; Rev. Hugh Gallagher, of Ballyshannon, to be parish priest of Dungloe; and Rev. John Dorrian, of Glencolumbkille, to succeed Father Gallagher in Ballyshannon.

St. Patrick's night was signalized at St. Columb's College, Derry, by an enjoyable dramatic and musical entertainment given by the students. At the close, on the motion of Bishop O'Doherty, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the organizers and actors.

Mr. Parnell was presented with a magnificent diamond scarf pin by Mr. Augustine Roche, T.C., as a souvenir of his visit to Cork.

A very serious stabbing affair took place near Newry. It appears that several men who had been in Newry celebrating St. Patrick's Day fought on the way home in the townland of Grinan, and during the fight a young man named Henry McArdle was stabbed, as he alleges, by another man named Patrick Traynor, in the left side of the head with a knife. Traynor was arrested, brought before Col. Carew, R.M., and, having been identified by the injured man, was remanded in custody. McArdle lies in a precarious condition.

A terrible tragedy, arising out of a quarrel on St. Patrick's night, has occurred at Mountcharles, county Donegal. It appears that a number of men were in the village and had taken a good deal of drink. On the way home a quarrel occurred between a man named Leonard and two others, named John Graham and Thomas Boyle. Graham drew a knife and threatened to stab Leonard, who ran away, the others following him. Leonard took refuge in the house of a small farmer named Patrick Shields, and begged protection. Shields went out and encountered Graham, and Boyle, and Shields got into holds, and Graham, as alleged, got a stone, and approaching close to Shields hit him on the head with it, fracturing his skull. Shields fell, with Boyle on top of him, and Shields exclaimed when he fell, "My fighting days are over—I am done for." Graham ran away after the two men fell, and Leonard came out of the house and raised Shields. The injured man was able to get into his own house, and felt a severe headache. Next morning he went to Mountcharles Pier with his horse and car, and some hours later was found lying dead on the pier by Mr. Thomas Hamilton, R. M., Leonard, who had been in the quarrel, and another man named John Gallagher. Mr. Hamilton made inquiries, and had an inquest held.

Thomas Callaghan, a traveling tinker, was arrested near Tralee for the murder of his younger brother, Patrick, whom it is alleged he waylaid coming from Castleisland fair.

In accordance with instruction given in a letter from the bishop, Most Rev. Dr. McAlister, a collection in aid of the church's work on behalf the African slaves was held in the churches of the diocese of Down and Connor on St. Patrick's Day.

At the assizes for the county Donegal Michael McGowan, of Bedlam, near Falcarragh, was found guilty of the murder of his wife and sentenced to be hanged on April 20. The prisoner received the sentence with comparative indifference, and gave some trouble by his resistance when being removed below.

The Rev. Mr. Hallowes, rector of Arklow, and his curate, the Rev. Mr. Harrison, were released from Wexford jail, their term of imprisonment having expired. A large crowd of Protestants of Arklow and the adjacent parishes assembled at the railway station to welcome the reverend gentlemen on their return. A procession was formed, which marched through the streets, singing hymns, and on arrival at the parade ground a short open air service was held there. There was no attempt at molestation.

Dr. William Reeves, Protestant bishop of Down and Connor, has been elected president of the Royal Irish Academy, in succession to Dr. Harrington.

In October, 1889, George Franklin, a farmer, while proceeding home to his residence, near Doon, was waylaid by a party of men and murdered. A man named Patrick Fitzgerald, with some others, was suspected of the crime, but Fitzgerald succeeded in absconding to America, and the police for want of sufficient evidence did not make any arrests. Within the past few days a woman in the neighborhood has turned informer, and the constabulary acting on her evidence have arrested Denis and P. Martin, brothers, who will be charged with the murder of Franklin. They have been returned for trial.

George Collier, of Dingle, has been appointed county cess collector for the barony of Corkaguiny, county Kerry.

On March 13, at the Cork police office, Maurice Healy, of Gurtnaskeagh, and John Sweeny, of Ballagh, were charged with having murdered the gamekeeper, Dennis Harrington, at Clonmaclavig, near Glengariffe, on the 12th of February. They were remanded.

Mr. M. O'F. Slattery recently sold at auction the farm of Listellick, about two miles from Tralee, with the house and offices, as in the occupation of Mrs. Murphy. The extent is 170 statute acres and the juicial rent of £130, with £11 additional for a board of works charge. After some spirited bidding the farm was knocked down to Mr. Patrick Dillane for the sum of £960, exclusive of fees and costs.

At the Limerick assizes, on March 7, a young man of respectable appearance, named Keane Mahony, indicted on a charge of having attacked the dwelling house of Mary Barry, Newcastlewest, on Jan. 9, was acquitted and discharged.

Rev. Maurice Mooney, P.P., Cahir, died on March 6.

We regret to record the death, at the age of 74 years, of Mr. John Leonard, of Green Hill Cottage, Limerick, who was for forty-six years connected with the once famous Limerick brewery of "Johnny Connell," who is immortalized in the national song of "Garryowen."

On March 14, the county Mayo grand jury unanimously passed the Claremorris & Swinford railway line promoted by the Waterford & Limerick Company. The guarantee, £40,000, though on a limited area, cannot exceed 1½d in the pound, if it should at all be required.

At the recent elections for poor law guardians a great many of the Parnellite candidates were victorious.

A preliminary meeting of the local Parnellites, Dingle, was held on Sunday, the 22d ult., soon after second mass, in the National League rooms. Mr. P. Ferriter, who was moved to the chair, addressed the meeting in support of Mr. Parnell. It was decided to hold another meeting during the week.

The long talked of hurling match between Thurles and Blackwater, county Wexford, came off at Clonturk Park, and, after three quarters of an hour's brilliant play, came to an unexpected termination owing to a misunderstanding arising from the referee having blown the whistle and subsequently ordered the game to continue, the Wexford men immediately scoring a goal, which was objected to by their opponents on the grounds that they had ceased playing at the sound of the whistle. Previous to this the score stood—Blackwater, three points; Thurles, two points.

Mrs. Francis Barber, of Rathelly, Sligo, died suddenly on March 11.

Edward Costelloe a prominent inhabitant of Carrick-on Shannon, died on the 7th ult.

When the special excursion train from Belfast, bringing home the people who attended the Parnell meeting at Newry on Sunday, March 8, reached Tandragee station in the evening, stones were thrown at it, breaking several windows. The Parnell party in the train fired some shots, and this was replied to with volleys of stones. As the train passed out of the station there was more stone throwing and shot firing. Two men named Thomas Robertson and Thomas Acheson were wounded, but not seriously. Thomas Quinn, of Belfast, was charged at Gilford petty sessions with a firing from the train at Tandagree, and was remanded for a week on the application of the police.

Maryborough has sent £20 to the Parnell fund.

The only reason the Seceders selected Justin McCarthy was that the abler men among them are eaten up with jealousy and distrust of one another. Mr. Sexton would not follow Mr. Healy, and Mr. Healy, who is the leader behind poor Mr. McCarthy, would not follow Mr. Sexton. So they agreed to set up Mr. McCarthy, to set up as leader-writer on the *Daily News*, the property of Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Arnold Morley, the Liberal party whip. Fancy the leader of the Irish race an employe of an English party whip on a London paper which was itself only whipped into Gladstonian Home Rule, and even on that is as weak-kneed as a broken down cab horse! Such is the chief whom Mr. Sexton and Mr. Healy would set up to speak and act in great national emergencies for the Irish race at home and abroad. Is it not enough to make O'Connell and Smith O'Brien and Butt turn in their graves?

The men who were charged with having assaulted the mansion of Chearnley of Salterbridge, were acquitted at Waterford assizes, notwithstanding Chearnley's malicious swearing.

Henry C. Murphy, third son of the late Edward C. Murphy, of Sheain Hill, Doneraile, county Cork, was sworn in a solicitor of the court of judicature recently.

Summonses, under the Coercion act, were served late on the night of March 19, upon Corney McManus, Drumshambo; John McManus and Patrick McManus, Drumshambo; Robert Cryan, and James McDermott, Jr., of Carrick-on Shannon, for alleged rioting at the anti-Parnellite meeting held at Carrick-on Shannon, on Feb. 22. Witness' summonses were also served upon the Very Rev. Canon Hoare, P.P., V.F., Carrick on Shannon; Rev. P. Donohoe, P.P., Mohill; Rev. Father McGovern, C.C., Ballinamore; Dr. Mulcahy, coroner, Ballinamore; and Patrick Earley, P.L.G.

Jeremiah Slattery (anti-Parnellite) was defeated in the recent poor law election in Lismore. Hence the "Lamentation of Jeremiah."

"FEIS CEOIL."

The New York Gaelic Society's Great Musical Festival on Tuesday Evening, March 31.

The Entertainment a Great Success—Many Noted Musicians and Vocalists Take Part.

The great annual "féis ceoil" of the Gaelic Society came off at Lenox Lyceum, Madison avenue, New York City, on the evening of March 31. The night was very inclement—wet and windy,—but notwithstanding, the attendance was little short of two thousand people. However the féis ceoil may turn out financially, remains for the present unknown, but in an artistic point of view, it was not only the greatest ever given by the Gaelic Society, but the greatest of the kind ever given by any society in New York; it might, perhaps, be said, in America. Every performer, whether musician or vocalist, was a trained artist. All America might have been searched, and an equal number of good artists, outside of those who delighted the audience on Easter Tuesday evening, would not be found. The programme, which is published below, will give the readers of THE CITIZEN an idea of the class of artists they were. The name of William Ludwig is known almost all over the world. He is considered the greatest living baritone singer. Miss Carusi is now hardly less popular in America than Mr. Ludwig. The Gaelic Society claims to have a sort of lien on her, as she was comparatively unknown until she commenced to sing at their concerts. She made the greatest hit of her life on the evening of March 31 in singing "Caitlin Tiriall" in Irish. This is the original of the heavenly air to which Moore wrote the glorious song, "Blame Not the Bard." "Kitty Tyrrell," as it is called in English, is only a love song, but is perhaps the most extraordinary love utterance ever written or sung. Looked at critically it appears the most ridiculously foolish, inconsequential, rhapsodical and jumbled up production ever set to music. It is, however a gem of the first water, for like almost everything composed in Gaelic, it is true to nature. No character that ever Shakespeare drew is truer or more in keeping with himself than was the unknown peasant lad that composed this most extraordinary of love songs. Every rhapsodical utterance in it, every inconsequentness, every impossible desire, every crazy promise, is in exact harmony with the youth and position of the love-mad swain that utters them. It has been said that Shakespeare never makes Falstaff use a word that could consistently have been put into the mouth of any other of his characters. But Falstaff is no truer to himself, and is drawn by no more of a master of human nature than is the peasant youth who utters such nonsense in praise of Kitty Tyrrell. That the readers of THE CITIZEN may know what an extraordinary piece of composition it is, and how crazily its composer must have been in love, it will be given in our next issue in Irish, with a literal English translation. Miss Carusi had not got through two lines of it when the whole audience became enchanted as well as amused. The vast hall in which she sang just suited her voice. It seems to fill the whole building. Profound silence was maintained through the singing of the first verse; then came a storm, a very whirlwind of applause that fairly shook the building. She had to come out no less than three times in response to encores. Mrs. Hun King also got a magnificent reception. She is not only a great singer, but a most beautiful woman; and were she not married she would probably have had a dozen proposals the morning after the féis. Miss MacPherson was also the recipient of great praise for her rendering of "O'er the Water to Charlie."

Courtesy required that the names of the lady artists should be mentioned before those of the gentlemen, and now for Mr. Ludwig. He sang three songs, and sang all of them magnificently, but it was his "Lament for the Milesians" that brought down the house. This song, probably the greatest of all Irish national songs, just suited his magnificent voice, and magnificently he rendered it. He sang it in response to an encore. He ought to make this song his strong piece. He should sing it in every Irish gathering as long as he is on the boards, for he could not find among the host of Irish songs anything so beautiful, or anything so well suited to his magnificent voice. If the audience on Easter Tuesday had heard nothing but Miss Carusi in "Caitlin Tiriall," and Mr. Ludwig's "Lament for the Milesians," and had they paid ten dollars a head to hear them, they would have got more than double value for their money. Mr. Wm. Lavin, an Irish-American, in his rendering of "Annie Dear," made another of the sensations of the evening. He is a tenor, and sings with wonderful expression and correctness. He, too, received praise that took the shape of an ovation, and well he deserved it, for he is an artist of consummate ability. The triad, consisting of Mrs. James, Miss Nickels, and Miss Carusi sang "Oft in the Stilly Night," with harp accompaniment. This wound up the musical programme, and was considered one of the most charming productions of the evening.

Miss Carusi and Mr. Ludwig will sing together in New England for some weeks. They are, indeed, a great team, and should have every man, woman and child of Irish birth or blood swelling their audiences in every city in which they sing. FINN.

THE PROGRAMME.

PART I.

Introductory Remarks.....By the President
Mr. James S. Coleman.
Address.....By the Chairman
Chief Justice Joseph F. Daly.
Quartette—"Our Music".....
.....Words by Moore. Arr. by Balfe
"Should some notes we us'd to love
In days of boyhood, meet our ear."
Miss Carrie Hun-King. Miss Alice MacPherson.
Mr. William Lavin. Mr. William Ludwig.
Ostanic Song—"Emer's Farewell to Cuchullin"
Words by Alfred Percival Graves. Arr. by Villiers Stanford.....
Miss Alice MacPherson.
Song—"Mary of Tipperary".....Samuel Lover
Mr. William Lavin.
Harp Solo—"Fainne geal an lae"—"An Stonach Buadh.. From Petrie's Ancient Music of Ireland
Miss Inez Carusi.
Abhran—'Mo shian libh".....
.... Words by Abp. McHale. Air, "Moll Ruu"
Miss Carrie Hun-King.
Ballad—"Fineen the Rover".....
Words by Robert Dwyer Joyce. Air, "Moll ruadh na maidne".....
"In a fight 'gainst the foes of his country,
He died as a brave man should die,
And he sleeps 'neath the waves of Cleena,
Where the waves sing his caoine to the sky."
Mr. William Ludwig.
Violoncello Solo—"The Last Rose of Summer"—"An lon dubh"—St. Patrick's Day".....
Arr. by Victor Herbert. From Bunting's Ancient Music of Ireland.....
Mr. Victor Herbert.
Duet—"Holy Mother Guide His Footsteps".....
From the opera "Maritina." By William Vincent Wallace.....
Miss Carrie Hun-King. Miss Alice MacPherson

PART II.

Caint Ghearr—"Smuainte air an g-cúis".....
Mr. M. A. O'Byrne.
Plobaire—"Selection of Irish Jigs and Reels"..
Mr. T. F. Kerrigan.
Quartette—"Silent O Moyle!".....
Air, "Arradh m' Eibhlin dhilis." Words by Moore. Arr. by MacFarren.....
Miss Carrie Hun-King. Miss Alice MacPherson
Mr. William Lavin. Mr. William Ludwig.
Scottish Song—"O'er the Water to Charlie".....
.....Air "Seaghan Buidhe"
Miss Alice MacPherson.
Ballad—"Annie Dear".....
Air, "Maids in May." Words by Thos. Davis
Mr. William Lavin.
Song with harp accompaniment—"Caitlin Tiriall".....Hempsen
Miss Inez Carusi.
Ballad—"The Patriot Mother".....
Air, "Carraigdonn." Words by Mary "Eva" Kelly.....
"Alana! alana! the shadow of shame
Has never yet fall'n upon one of your name."
Mr. William Ludwig.
Song—"Eileen Mavourneen".....
.....Words and music by Roche
Miss Carrie Hun-King.
Violoncello Solo—"The Snowy Breasted Pearl"—"Kitty Nolan"—Faudeen O Rafferty".....
.....Arr. by Victor Herbert
Trio—"Awake thee my Bessie".....
Arr. by Carusi. Air, "Cad é sin do'n té sin"
Words by J. J. Callanan.....
THE TRIAD.
Mrs. Jones, Miss Nickels, Miss Carusi, with harp

IRISH NEWS.

At a meeting of the Ballintubber (Ros common) branch of the National League the following resolution was adopted: "That we desire to place on record our unbounded confidence in Charles S. Parnell and trust that the people of Ireland despite of English dictation will support him in his continued leadership.

During a fierce hail squall, on March 14, as two coast-guardsmen, named Isaac Thomas and Alvin Croucher, from Ballyglass station, were returning in their small boat from the market in Belmullet, accompanied by the son, aged 12, and daughter, aged 15, of Thomas, their boat was capsized, and all four were drowned. The two men could have saved their own lives, but, having taken charge of a child each, they lost their own lives nobly endeavoring to save the children. One of the men, Croucher, was brought ashore alive, but died soon after from exhaustion.

The Rev. J. H. Casey, eldest son of Mr. James Casey, town clerk, Tralee, was ordained a priest of the Dominican Order, at the church of St. John Lateran, Rome, on Saturday, March 14. The archbishop, Mgr. Lenti, officiated.

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated in Tuam in a manner highly creditable to the people of the town and neighborhood.

On March 17 Mr. Hayden, M. P., and Mr. Dalton, M. P., addressed a series of meetings in East Galway, commencing at Mount Bellew, where, as it was market day, an enormous number of people from the outside districts were present.

James Riordan and Patrick Hackett, the former charged with the wilful murder of Cornelius Hickie, at Crinny, near Castleisland, in June, 1883, and the latter charged with complicity in the murder of Patrick Fiahive, at Glenlea, near Ballyheigue, in August, 1886, were again brought up at the courthouse, Tralee, on March 19, before Mr. Cecil Roche, R. M., and were further remanded for a week.

Michael Spain, of Roche's street, Limerick, provision merchant, recently purchased the beautiful residence at Corbally built and occupied for some time by Mr. Owen McCarthy, of Margaret street, at a very heavy outlay. The purchase money was £600.

John McKendry was indicted for having killed John Magowan, near Ballymoney, on Jan. 22. The case arose out of a poaching affray, on the estate of Capt. Montgomery, when the prisoner and two assistant gamekeepers were assailed by three men, one of whom was the deceased. McKendry was acquitted.

Another "raid for arms" is reported from the Ennis police district. This time the raid was made in broad daylight, on the 17th ult, on the house of a man named McKee, at Kilmorna.

Robert Graham, of The Diamond, county Monaghan, publican and provision dealer, trading as "Graham Brothers," has been declared bankrupt.

Justice Andrews opened the Donegal assizes at Lifford on March 17, and said he was pleased to find the county reports were so satisfactory.

At Carrickacrumen, about six miles from Ballieborough, in the county Cavan, an old man named Bernard McGee, aged 80 years, and his daughter-in-law Rose McGee, aged about 35, were killed with a spade while lying in their beds, and John McGee, a son of the old man, was found dead hanging from a rope in the kitchen. There is no doubt whatever but he hanged himself after murdering his wife and father. Bernard McGee was a farmer holding about eight acres of land, and lived by himself up to a few years ago, all his children being in America. John McGee, his son, got married in America and returned home a few years since to his father's house.

At a meeting in Cork Mr. McCarthy, of Kenmare, referred to an anti Parnellite meeting which had been held in Kenmare, saying that the only people of the town who were on the platform were four priests and three individuals; while Father Mangan, who boasted that he would bring with him every man in the parish to the meeting, only succeeded in mustering two.

What a debt of gratitude the world owes to such men as Drs. Ayer and Jenner—the latter for the great discovery of vaccination, and the former for his Extract of Sarsaparilla—the best of blood purifiers! Who can estimate how much these discoveries have benefited the race!

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

A GREAT HEALER.

The Miracles Accomplished by an English Adventurer Named Greatrakes, Along the Blackwater Side.

His Exploits in England.

When the orchards are a world of rosy snow, and the Munster air is burdened with May fragrance, there is no fairer place to see and wander in than the Blackwater valley. It is beautiful everywhere, but spring has her very throne in the enchanting region where the old adventurers planted their fruit trees in crowding plenty, and left them to grow and flourish in the kindly Irish soil. The Blackwater cider is as famous today as that of Devonshire, whence the orchard trees were originally brought, and its manufacture has made prosperous the people engaged in it. In Affane, the old Aughmaine, the center of the apple-growing district, the trees were planted by one William Greatrakes, a settler of the sixteenth century. To make room for him as well as for others of his kind, the natives were dispossessed in hundreds, and he had the usual tribulations and harrassments of the interloping Sassenach, but he held on to his gift of lands, and it was not until his grandson was a lad of thirteen that the rebels made open claim to their old home. In 1641, when the war of the rebellion broke out, the feeling of the people of the Blackwater side was especially fierce. The crafty, plundering Boyle, in his castle of Lismore, was the object of their hottest wrath. This hungry adventurer, with his soul and nose of a trader for a bargain, his iron selfishness, his sour, uncomely plebian aspect, his "godly" whine, his rancorous hatred of "mass-houses," which it was his glory to destroy, his determined efforts to uproot the "meere Irish," the "Papistry," and to plant the land with English puritans, was a combination of traits and ambitions so repulsive to the people that they could no longer tolerate him. The fine old castle, built by King John, and used as the residence of the heads of the diocese until the renegade bishop, Myler Magrath, granted it and the neighboring church lands to Sir Walter Raleigh, this castle, which was once their pride, had become hateful to them, tainted as it was, by the living in it of the sickly, low sprung Boyle brood, and it was one of the first points of attack when the general uprising came.

Among the officers under Lord Broghill, Boyle's son (afterwards earl of Orrery) was Valentine Greatrakes, a young man of 21, and grandson of the planter of Affane. He with his family had fled out of Ireland at the beginning of the trouble, but in 1647 he had ventured back to try and recover the Affane property. He served under Broghill till the peace of 1656, and then returned to his estate, which had been recovered by him. There was no ill feeling among his neighbors towards him, and he lived very quietly, serving the county as high sheriff, clerk of the peace, and registrar of transportation.

When he was about 36 years of age there suddenly grew in him "an impulse or strange persuasion" that he was endowed with the gift of healing the king's evil, or scrofula, by the laying on of hands, as the kings did in the old times. His wife, to whom he confided the matter, was not impressed, even laughed at him, but soon after a sick boy named Maher, from Salterbridge, came to his home on some errand and gave him an opportunity of trying his powers. Scrofula of a very malignant kind had manifested itself in the boy's neck, but at Greatrakes' touch a change for the better was immediately noticed, and in a month the lad was healed. The next person to submit to the stroker's skill was a Margaret McShane, of Lismore parish, and she too was healed. After this people from all over the country flocked to Affane, and were nearly in every case cured. All the available room on the premises for the accommodation of the sick being exhausted, Greatrakes caused several sheds to be erected so that there might be shelter for all. He set apart three days in each week, from 6 a. m. to 6 p. m., for the stroking and he made frequent journeys to Lismore, Youghal, Clonmel, and other neighboring towns for the same purpose. Epilepsy and fevers, it appears, were also amenable to his treatment, and bone and joint diseases also yielded to it. Ships well freighted with patients out of England came over, and brought back their passengers cured. When he lived in Youghal whither, by reason of the throngs that besieged Affane he was obliged to retire for a season, there is a record of three score of persons having been cured by him in one night.

In 1666 the high ecclesiastical court at Lismore, having looked askance at all these performances (and suspecting that a certain Old Gentleman had more than a small share in them), summoned the stroker before its august body to answer as to what operations, spells, incantations, diabolical or otherwise, he owed these seeming cures. Greatrakes stoutly denied any under-world assistance, maintained that he knew as little as anyone else whence his power came, but intimated his suspicion that it was all owing to some hidden virtue in his blood—some healing quality that his touch transferred to the sick person—a sort of "sanative contagion," as a defender of his explained it. The court gave little heed to this explanation, and it is probable that the healing business would have languished somewhat had not Lord Broghill, Greatrakes' former commander, invited him to come to London to cure the invalid Countess of Conway. His fame had preceded him to England, and Charles II. received him in person and in great state at Whitehall. He visited the London hospitals and performed many cures which were deemed marvellous there.

After the London triumph, however, other troubles began for Greatrakes. A novel called the "Irish Prophet," written by St. Evremond, threw great ridicule on him and his "pretentions," and a Mr. David Lloyd and others wrote treatises to show that the healer was a charlatan whose power depended entirely on the excitement of expectation and hope wrought in the patient's mind. To these books Greatrakes wrote a general reply and appended testimonials from such eminent men as Andrew Marvell, Dr. Ralph Cudworth, the metaphysician, and Robert Boyle, the great Lismore philosopher, all testifying to their knowledge of cures performed by him, and attributing his gift of healing to some quality akin to what was called "animal magnetism" later.

As Greatrakes grew older his strange power lessened with his failing strength. The son of the commonwealth officer, Col. Phaire of Enniscorthy, who was himself benefited by Greatrakes' treatment, describes the stroker thus: "Mr. Greatrakes was of large stature and surprising strength. He has very often taken an handfull of hazlenuts and cracked them with one gripe of his hand. He had the largest, heaviest and softest hand of any man of his time. Honorable witnesses have seen him stroke a violent pain from the shoulder to the elbow, and so to the wrist and thence to the tip of the thumb, and by holding it there for some time had it evaporated," &c., &c.

Greatrakes died at Affane in November, 1683. By will he directed his body to be interred in Lismore Cathedral, but his wishes were not carried out and he was buried in Affane church. The building was very old at the time, and when it was torn down for the new structure the site was somewhat altered, and the old aisle with its vaults was left on the outside. The visitor can still find the Greatrakes tombstones, but that of the Stroker is unaccountably missing. The oldest stone is that of Valentine's great-grandson—another Valentine—who died in 1759.

Local Catholic News.

The mission for the men of St. Elizabeth's parish opened at high mass last Sunday in the church on Forty first and State streets. The Rev. Fathers Splinter, Daley, and Mahony, of the Dominican Order, are conducting the exercises.

The work of renovating and redecorating the interior of the Cathedral of the Holy Name has begun and will be several months in progress. The pastors promise it to be the handsomest sanctuary in the city when completed.

The Rev. Father Durkin, of the Lazarist Order, New York, is in the city visiting his mother, who has been dangerously ill.

The new St. Elizabeth's church will be a $75,000 building and a very handsome one.

The Catholics of Evanston are holding a large fair this week at Idlewild hall for the benefit of St. Mary's church, which is being erected at a cost of $50,000 on the corner of Grove street and Oak avenue. The hall is elaborately decorated. On each side of the hall are three booths, brilliantly decorated in blue, white, pink and cream bunting, American flags, and papal colors. The most artistic is the "Angel booth," presided over by the young girls of the parish. The popular Miss Mamie Kennie, assisted by five young ladies, had charge of the ice cream and lemonade booth. Supper is served from 8 to 11 each evening. A musical and literary entertainment will be given every night. Among those who will take part are Judge Moran, J. Power, comedian; Mrs. Antoine McGuire, artist, Chicago; Prof. Sneider's quartette of Lake View, and Charles T. Watrous, elocutionist.

The "Argonauts" of '49

The wildest excitement and activity immediately prevailed throughout the United States, and every city and village throbbed with a feverish impulse to rush to the diggings. The difficulty and expense of reaching this *terra incognita* restrained thousands from the attempt, so that only those who possessed natural courage or adventurous proclivities, or whose local attachments were weak, actually made the great plunge into the unknown experience which awaited the gold hunters of '49. The world has never witnessed so motley and promiscuous a throng in pursuit of a common object as sprang into life simultaneously in the winter of 1848-49 and turned their course towards the gold fields of California. Men of all ages, clergymen, professors, doctors, lawyers, farmers, traders, mechanics, laborers of every degree, adventurers, thieves, gamblers, and murderers, jostled one another in the struggle to gain access to some of the avenues which were supposed to lead to the desired goal.

The "Argonauts" had several routes among which to select. By those from the New England and the Middle States the Cape Horn route was generally preferred; those from the Southern States chose the Isthmus of Panama or Nicaragua or Mexico; while the hardy pioneers of the West, who had become accustomed to prairie travel, started in their covered wagons, and, following buffalo trails, broke the paths which in a few months were plainly outlined by the bleaching bones of their beasts and the mounds of dead companions who had succumbed to the hardships of the desert. Many who could not leave their homes sought to invest their capital in the seductive venture, and a co-operative plan was generally adopted in the New England States by which the services of working members were offset by a fixed amount of money contributed by others. Hundreds of companies were organized on this plan, each of them with a physician, and in many instances with a chaplain also.—*April Century.*

Literary Notes.

Donahoe's Monthly Magazine for April contains Peter McCorry's fourth letter from Ireland; Secret Societies, by Archbishop Janssens; An Irish Rosary by Eleanor C. Donnelly; Christianizing the Theatre; The Relics of Calvary; Sherman, the Pacificator; Sayings of Cardinal Newman; Eastertide, some facts about the great feast; Eastertide, by Katherine Tynan. The Juvenile Department as interesting as usual. $2 a year. $1 for six months. Address *Donahoe's Magazine*, Boston, Mass.

An artist or an author, however wide his fame, is only thoroughly comprehended, after all, by a certain circle. It is only the art world which has a good memory for artists' names and doings. The outside public is curious, but as it leaves the theatre, the art gallery, or the library, its recollection of the reputations it has made or unmade is slight indeed. Just across the channel, in the art Mecca of the modern world—Paris, English art is disposed of with a shrug of the shoulders; and as for American art—that is, a distinctively American school of painters—the French critics predict its advent as nearer the millennium than is pleasing to American enthusiasts. I confess myself inclined to think that art on this continent will not receive the attention it merits until the genius of the American peoples is released from the present fever of money getting.—*W. Blackburn Harte in the New England Magisine for April*

REBELLION IN INDIA.

John Bull Again Confronted by a Revolt in His Eastern Empire.

A Critical State of Affairs.

A cable dispatch from Calcutta, dated March 30, says:

A dispatch from Manipur, province of Assam, brings news of a disaster to a force of native troops there. James W. Quinton, the chief commissioner of Assam, has recently been investigating some serious troubles which have occurred among the native chiefs. As a result of his investigation the chief commissioner was holding a durbar, or conference, with the leading men of Assam, with the view of arresting one of the prominent chiefs who had been instrumental in deposing the rajah. The chief commissioner, while pursuing his inquiries into the disputes between the chiefs, occupied a camp which was garrisoned by a strong force of Goorkhas, native infantry in the British service. Suddenly his camp was attacked by a number of hostile tribes, led by their chiefs. A two days' battle, during which some desperate fighting took place, followed the onslaught of the tribesmen. The Goorkhas fought determinedly against heavy odds and, according to the report, 470 of the Goorkhas were killed. Seven of the British officers who accompanied the chief commissioner, and that official himself, are reported to be missing.

The news of the massacre was brought to Kohima, on the Assam frontier by two Goorkhas who arrived their yesterday. The massacre originated in a feud between the rajah of Manipur and a leading tribal chief. The rajah was deposed, and appealed to the viceroy. Mr. Quinton was sent to settle the trouble, and started from the headquarters at Shillong, escorted by the 42d and 44th Goorkha light infantry. After crossing the frontier Mr. Quinton summoned the chiefs to a durbar at Manipur, for the purpose of arresting the rebellious chief. The tribesmen, pretending to obey the summons, mustered in force, and at midnight on the day before the day on which the durbar was to be held suddenly attacked the camp of Commissioner Quinton, which lay between Kohima and Manipur. The attempt to surprise the camp failed, and the tribesmen were driven back. They returned, however, and kept up the attack and siege night and day for forty-eight hours. Finally the amunition of the Goorkhas gave out, and Commissioner Quinton was obliged to give the order to his men to save themselves as best they could. During the fight at the camp scouts were sent out to try to communicate with Shillong, but they never returned. The Manipur natives cut the telegraph wires and killed the messengers. Fugitives report that a general massacre followed the taking of the camp. There is reason for believing that the estimate that 470 were killed is incorrect.

One account of the affair reports that Commissioner Quinton and his staff were made prisoners. Another account says that Col. Skene, the commander; Commissioner Quinton, with his son and daughter; Capt. Boileau and six officers were killed, the natives refusing to give them quarter. The rebellious tribe is famous for cunning, cruelty and bravery.

Two native regiments stationed in Assam have already been dispatched to Manipur. The 31 Bengal infantry will start for the scene tomorrow. The viceroy of India has abandoned his tour and has started for Simla. Five regiments and a mounted battery have been ordered to Manipur.

Another dispatch, dated March 31, narrates another disaster to British arms:

Official dispatches received here by the government officers confirm the report of the massacre of Goorkhas at Manipur, in the province of Assam, where about 470 of these native soldiers were slain by hostile tribesmen of Assam after two days' desperate fighting. The fate of the British officers who were in command of the Goorkhas, and of Chief Commissioner James W. Quinton, who was conducting the negotiations at the durbar for the arrest of a prominent chief who had been instrumental in deposing the rajah of Manipur, is still uncertain; but the viceroy of India, the Marquis of Landsdowne, believes that all the officers and officials have either met death at the hands of the rebellious tribesmen of Assam or are held as prisoners.

In addition to the disaster at Manipur, it is believed that a force of British troops composed of a detachment of 200 soldiers of the Bengal infantry and about 80 Goorkhas, who were marching from Shillong to Manipur in order to reinforce the 42d and 44th Goorkhas light infantry, which composed the escort of Chief Commissioner Quinton, have also been attacked and have shared the fate of their comrades at Manipur. The Bengal infantry detachment and the 80 Goorkhas, it appears, as they were marching through a difficult and dangerous pass, were set upon by the Assamese; and, though they fought gallantly against heavy odds, the rebel tribesmen, from the advantageous position which they occupied on the sides of the pass and ahead and behind the British force, poured such a destructive fire into the ranks of the Bengalese and Goorkhas that the latter are said to have been killed to a man.

The viceroy is hurrying troops into the province of Assam in order to punish the hostiles. Reinforcements of troops are also being sent into States in proximity to Assam, in order to prevent any hostile disorder or warlike outbreak which, it is thought, might follow the spreading of the news of the massacre of British troops at Manipur.

Further particulars received from the scene of the Manipur massacre show that the insurgent tribes have captured a number of prisoners, including the Rajah of Manipur, whose deposition by a powerful chieftain of Assam was the cause of all the present trouble. The insurgents have also captured Chief Commissioner Quinton, F. S. G. Grimwood, the British political agent of Manipur; and Col. Skene, who was in command of the detachments from the 42d and 44th Goorkhas, which defended the camp of the commissioner, pitched between Kohima and Manipur; Mrs. Grimwood, the wife of the political agent, two assistant commissioners and one of the officers of the Gookhas escaped in the direction of Silhar when the insurgents made their final charge upon the camp and broke through the ranks of the Goorkhas, owing to the latter having exhausted their ammunition during the forty eight hours' fighting which followed the midnight assault upon their camp. The fate of the remaining officers is still unknown.

Four regiments have already started for Manipur, with the object of effecting the release of the prisoners and of punishing the rebellious tribes. These regiments include two native regiments, which were in garrison at Assam, and the 31 Bengal Infantry. Several mountain batteries of artillery and a force of cavalry are also being prepared to take the field in Assam immediately. The general opinion seems to be that the military authorities will have to punish the insurgent tribes severely and promptly, in order to avert a more serious revolt, which might follow any hesitancy or display of weakness upon the part of the British officials. The seat of the government of Assam is at Shillong, which has a population of about 2 000. The population of the province of Assam, however, is estimated at 5,000,000. The hostile tribes are composed of well armed, brave and cunning fighting men.

Fifteen fugitive Goorkhas, who have reached Kohima, report that Mr. and Mrs. Grimwood, Col. Skeno and Mr. Simpson, escaped into Cachar, where the natives are becoming restless. The party includes twelve Europeans. It is surmised that Mr. Quinton was seized at Mr. Grimwood's house, which was four miles from the contonment of the main Goorkhas guard at Langthabat, and that 10 000 irregular Kuki levies in the service of the Manipur government were ordered to attack and massacre the troops. Mr. Quinton has since been reported murdered.

No more completely illustrated copy of the *Cosmopolitan* has ever gone out than that for April. Miss Elizabeth Bisland, always a bright and attractive writer, is fairly fascinating in her description of dancing. The executive mansion, the "White House," is described by Mr. Geo. Grantham Bain, the Washington correspondent, while the interior is illustrated with many views taken specially for the *Cosmopolitan* by permission of the President. Perhaps the feature which will appeal most strongly to literary people, is Brander Matthews' article on the Women Writers of America. The Nicaragua Canal is described and illustrated by Harvey, and the Japanese theatre by Miss Scidmore. Samples are given of the best work of Meissonier, and Frederic Villiers tells the curious story of a war correspondent's life. The frontispiece is a portrait of General Sherman, drawn by Gribayedoff, and Sherman and Bismarck come in for the major part of Murat Halstead's Review of Current Events.

Nothing adds so much to a person's appearance as a fine thick head of hair of even color, and to assure this use only Hall's Hair Renewer.

A NEW TRAIN

To the Pacific Coast, equipped with Pullman and Colonist Sleepers, has just been placed in service by the Northern Pacific Railroad, leaving St. Paul every morning at 9 o'clock. The "Fast Train" via the Wisconsin Central Lines, composed of Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars, and Coaches of latest design, leaving Chicago daily at 5 p. m., makes close connection in the Union Depot, St. Paul, with this train, affording excellent service to all points West.

In addition to this the Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific Lines run Pullman Vestibuled and Tourists Sleepers *without change* between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore., on train leaving Chicago via the Wisconsin Central daily at 10:45 p. m., and St. Paul via the Northern Pacific at 4:15 p. m.

For tickets, berths in Pullman or Tourist Sleepers, etc., apply to George K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Harrison street and Fifth avenue, Chicago, Ill.

The Maelstrom Is a Reality.

So many marvelous tales have been told of the Norwegian maelstrom that several writers, even of geographical works, have pronounced it entirely mythical. But the whirlpool is a reality, and from surveys has become well known. It is on the Norway coast to the south of the Loffoden isles, and runs between a small island called Maskenes and a rocky islet. The depth of the water in the straits is about 120 feet, while just outside a 1,200 foot line will scarcely touch bottom, and the strong currents rushing in and out of the fiords create not only the maelstrom, or mill stream, but numbers of other whirlpools that render navigation exceedingly dangerous.

The strait of the maelstrom is perfectly calm at ebb or at flood tide, but with the rising or the falling of the tide, or when a high wind is blowing or a storm raging, the waters driven in from the ocean find their way out again through the strait with such mighty violence that no ship can pass through the eddies. There is little downward suction, as is commonly supposed, the danger being that the vessel will become unmanageable and be driven on the rocks. It is said that whales have been found in the vicinity with their heads completely crushed in, having been caught in the current and dashed against the cliffs. The Norwegian government has surveyed the maelstrom and warned all navigators against its dangers. — St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Lord Nelson.

The influence of Nelson on his officers and men was a talisman to secure success. He insisted on discipline, and could be severe, but as a rule he made his supremacy felt by inspiring his captains with complete confidence, by the ascendency of commanding genius, by encouraging valor, by making large allowances for mere excess of zeal and daring, and by his intense sympathy with the common sailor.—G. Latham Browne.

TOM RYDER'S CHILD.

Mr. Marsh, when he was sitting in the village store with the heels of his well tallowed boots carefully poised on the edge of the corrugated cylinder stove, was a far larger man than when he was at home. Perhaps it was for that reason that he spent so much time in the store. A man likes to feel large and to hawk and expectorate in an independent manner.

When under the protection of his own roof this gentleman was very much in the shadow of his wife. He never hawked and he never expectorated there. He shrank up into the smallest possible compass and seemed to deprecate the fact that he was alive at all. If he could have come in and gone out at the keyhole he would have felt an unutterable relief.

As it was, he was in constant fear lest he should forget to wipe his feet, or lest he should leave a door unlatched. He often told himself "he'd ruther be darned any day than to forgit to wipe his feet twice," first on the husk mat in the sink room and next on the braided mat at the kitchen door. When Mr. Marsh said "he'd ruther be darned," he meant that he preferred being consigned to hades. He often thought it would be a kind of relief to be in that place "and done with it." But he always was very meek indeed when he had indulged in such thoughts.

Mrs. Marsh was a large, dark, mustached woman, who was believed by some to be a good nurse. She certainly had the merit of subduing her charges into absolute quiescence. She boasted that folks that "she took care on knew their places mighty quick: 'n' their places was to jest lay still 'n' let the Lord do as he pleased."

She was fond of mentioning the Lord at the most unexpected and irritating times. She had referred to him on so many occasions in regard to her husband's bringing in "medder mud" and other kinds of soil on the soles of his boots that Mr. Marsh was continually harassed by a fear lest he might become prejudiced and acquire a habit of thinking disrespectfully of the Lord. If he did acquire such a habit, he hoped fervently and in plain terms that it might be laid to D'rindy's charge rather than to his. Dorinda was his wife's name; and it was the name given to each of five consecutive daughters who had been born to Mr. and Mrs. Marsh and who had all died when children.

There were residents in the village who always took friends who came from a distance to the graveyard to see the "row of D'rindies," as this series of mounds was usually termed.

These continual bereavements were very hard to bear during their occurrence, but after some years had passed and the wounds were scarred Mrs. Marsh was conscious of a certain distinction coming from the fact that she was, in a certain sense, owner of that row in the cemetery. She had a pride in keeping the small graves and their headstones in the very best condition; or rather she made Mr. Marsh keep them so.

When I have seen that woman striding toward the hill slope where the graveyard was, I have wondered if she did not feel a satisfaction that there were five mounds instead of four; five made a much more impressive row. If one of those babies had grown it would doubtless have brought in a great deal of mud in the spring, snow in the winter, and road dust in the summer. It would have "littered things up jest awful," to use a favorite expression of Mrs. Marsh. Was it possible that there were compensations? It is a distinction, too, to have had a "dretful sight of sickness in your family;" to have "notes put up" for the sufferer and the sufferer's friends.

Do you know what it means to have a note put up? It is to arrange that the minister shall find, apparently in the hymn book, a scrap of paper asking the prayers of the congregation for a family in affliction. The name of the person is often given, and then there is a rustling and a turning and a looking at the nearest relative who happens to be present. When things by land and by sea have been prayed for, when people "scattered up and down this sinful earth" have been mentioned, then the minister changes his tone to one of more feeling, and petitions that this dear sister whose child is on a bed of sickness may be strengthened to endure, and that, if it be so decided that she be called upon to give up that beloved one, she may be enabled to bow her head to his great and glorious will, and to bless him, even though he slay.

There is a great sameness about the words used in response to this asking for prayers, but who shall say that those phrases do not sometimes touch healingly a sore heart?

Reuben Marsh never missed going to meeting a single Sunday during all the times when his children were pining and dying.

Sometimes he would far rather have stopped at home, being possessed by that piteous and natural feeling that he, with all his strength and vigor, might in some way give of that strength to the poor little thing moaning on the bed. But his wife had made him go. She had even found time as usual to fasten his collar and button on the rusty black necktie.

And he had always heard those prayers in answer to the note he had put up. He held himself rigidly upright. His heavy, bearded face was impassive to look upon. People who looked at him curiously saw nothing but the calm, rough face. His hands were thrust into the big pockets of his loose sackcoat; the great, knuckly fingers writhed and him from morning to night, and occasionally reminded him of what a mother suffered in the loss of a child. She said she s'posed a father had some feelings, but how could a father know a mother's heart?

Evidently there was no answer to this question. Certainly Mr. Marsh attempted to give none.

Mrs. Marsh talked a great deal to her husband and to the neighbors generally about the fact that all her children had been born without any constitutions. She didn't know why it was, for all her folks were made of iron. She often inquired how it was that a child with no constitution at all could be expected to live. She told Reuben it was too much to ask. She gave every one to understand that Reuben seemed to believe their children ought to live, but she knew they couldn't.

As the years went by she made Mr. Marsh keep those little graves, and their headstones, and their lettering of "Dorinda, daughter of Reuben and Dorinda Marsh," more and more "trigged up." When Mr. Marsh was not at home nor at the store it was well known that he must be "to the cemetr'y triggin' up them graves."

It was one mild day in winter that Mr. Marsh put on his overcoat and his rubber boots. He said he was going down to the store and guessed he should just stop in at the graveyard before he came home. The hill sloped to the south there, and it was warm and sunny, almost like a spring day.

The man had it in his mind that there was just a chance that some snowdrops might be blossomed, or at least budded. But if he should find a bloom he was not so crazy, he told himself, as to take it to his wife, who would only consider it as some kind of "litter." He should stop at the store, as he said, and he should probably see Tom Ryder's forlorn little girl shivering about, and he should give the flower to her. Then her small, pinched face would suddenly lighten, and she would smile in that radiant way that always went like a knife to Reuben Marsh's heart. He wondered if any of those Dorindies, if any had lived, would have had such a face and such a smile as that. If they "took after" their mother they surely would not.

Once after Mr. Marsh had seen this transformation take place in the face of Tom Ryder's daughter when she had received a kindness he had ventured to speak about her to his wife, with a wild hope in the bottom of his heart that they might adopt Ryder's child, for Ryder was only a drunken wretch whose wife had long since died of a broken heart and too much work.

Mrs. Marsh made it very plain indeed to her husband that she had no opinion whatever of that nasty Belle Ryder.

Mr. Marsh had fallen into his ordinary home mood of dull, cowed silence. He sat with his slippered feet on their wooden cricket, and hung his head, pulling his beard slowly and wondering what he was living for.

He supposed men never hated their wives. He supposed there was no man in the world whose wife was such a good cook, who kept her husband's clothes so well mended and so clean as D'rindy did, but he said plainly to himself that "he'd ruther be flogged than to be where she was."

Often, as he sat there pulling his beard and watching D'rindy as she made everything painfully clean, he told himself that he must have been even more of a fool than most young men to have fallen in love with a girl who could turn out to be such a woman as that. He also asked of his own soul how it would be with him if it were possible for a man to hate his wife.

When he walked slowly through the mud of the main street he was conscious that there was more than the ordinary bitterness in his heart. He stamped down his heavy feet with an air of bravado when he reached the store. He took in a large quantity of mud, and he talked so loud and spat so emphatically that the storekeeper winked at the man next to him, and said in a whisper that D'rindy must have been carryin' an uncommon high hand with Reuben that day.

But for all this extra swagger Mr. Marsh was aware that he was greatly depressed. It did not seem to exhilarate him to have his heels on the stove. He did not understand himself today, and he left the store much earlier than was his custom. One of the men actually got up from his broken backed chair and went to the window to watch the retreating figure.

"Something or other's the matter of Reub Marsh," he said pityingly. "I never seen him miss his aim a-spittin' before, 'n' he missed it every time today."

The storekeeper was chopping off a piece of tobacco. He nodded his head. He said he was sorry for Reub. He s'posed he was goin' up to them graves now. He hoped it wa'n't wicked, but he did think 'twould be jest as well if there was a sixth grave in that row and D'rindy was laying in it. For his part he'd like to help trig up D'rindy Marsh's grave, whether 'twas wicked or not.

Then they fell to talking about Tom Ryder, and of the fact that he had been gone a week, nobody knew where, on a worse spree than ever.

"I guess they'll have to take the little one to the poorhouse this time, and no mistake. Somebody ought to speak to the selectmen, 'n' have her seen to."

Mr. Marsh walked on mechanically up the road. He did not know why it was that he could not throw off his wife's influence when he had left her, as he was usually able to do.

Some strangely desperate mood was upon him. He put his hand to his head, and said if he didn't know better he should almost think he had been drinking.

Just before he reached the cemetery he passed by the house where the Ryders lived, an old place with low eaves that looked as if they would always drip with unhealthy moisture. Some of the window panes were stuffed with rags, and a cat walked with ostentatious misery among the puddles near the front door.

Mr. Marsh wished he had brought some baker's cookies from the store, but as he had nothing he went on staring vainly about in the hope of seeing Belle.

In a few minutes more he was standing by the row of graves and looking sharply down at the sodden turf for the snowdrops. There were the green leaves. He knelt and pushed aside the brown, wet grass. His heavy face took on a pathetic look of eagerness. No, it was too early; the sun had not been warm enough. There were no blossoms—not even buds.

"It's too bad—too bad!" he muttered. "How she would er liked 'em!"

He stood up. He brushed a mist from his eyes that made the headstones look as if they were not straight.

Something that felt cold and wet, like ice, touched the hand that hung down by his side. But he did not notice the touch until it was repeated, this time accompanied by a whine. Mr. Marsh aroused himself and patted the lean, unhappy looking cur that stood beside him.

"Hullo, Jack," he said, "where's your little mistress?"

Jack wagged his tail and made as if he would trot back home, but as Mr. Marsh did not follow him he returned and licked his hand again. He went through these movements so many times that the man at last walked after him, the dog continually looking behind, until he had led his friend to the back door of the Ryder house. This door stood open.

Mr. Marsh had not heard that Tom Ryder was "on a spree," and he expected every moment to be greeted by the owner of this place, whom he despised and whom he always wanted to kick every time he saw him.

Instead of a masculine voice, however, a piping, feeble treble sounded from one of the front rooms.

"Oh, Jack, don't you leave me too! Don't you go 'n' leave me too!"

Reuben Marsh stood suddenly still from sheer weakness. His great, tender heart seemed to choke him. He heard the dog wining joyfully and scuttling about the room he had entered. He breathed a long breath and pushed the door further open, apparently taking but one stride from the door to a "trundle bed" which was in a corner. On the bed was a child who stared wildly for an instant at this intruder, then a flush of joy overspread her face. She put out two bony arms to the man bending over her. She laughed.

"I've jest be'n prayin' for a friend," she cried feebly. "I kep' a-prayin' so hard that God had to hear finally."

Mr. Marsh gathered the child to his breast. His heart glowed. His eyes sparkled as he felt the frail form leaning confidingly against him.

He took a frayed blanket from the bed and wrapped her up until she was like a mummy. He was smiling all the while he was doing this.

"Where's your father?"

"I d' know. He's been gone ever so many days, I guess."

"Ain't you hungry?"

"I was hungry after I et up all there was, some bread 'n' sausage. Then I got faint; then I was so awful kind of sick."

The child leaned her head on the man's shoulder and shut her eyes. He held her yet closer.

"I'll take ye right home," he said.

He stepped out into the mild, damp air. He held his head very high, and his eyes sparkled more than ever. He walked down and into the village street as if he had been a soldier coming from a victory. He nodded at the few acquaintances he saw, and who looked at him wonderingly, but he would not stop to speak to any one.

The storekeeper saw him, and said to a customer that there was Reub Marsh with Ryder's little girl, 'n' he guessed Reub 'd ketch it when he got home.

Mr. Marsh still held his head up when he entered his own kitchen, tracking in a good deal of mud as he did so, for he did not pause at the huskmat, nor yet at the rug by the kitchen door.

"Bring me a cup of milk with a drop of hot water in it," he said, sitting down in the large rocker by the stove.

Jack had entered also, and he also had brought in mud. He sat calmly on his dirty haunches on the shiny oilcloth by the chair which held Mr. Marsh and his mistress.

Mrs. Marsh stood a moment in bewilderment; then she brought the milk.

Her face softened somewhat as she looked at the pinched features on her husband's shoulder.

"She is starving," said Mr. Marsh, shortly.

"We'll give her a good meal, 'n' then you c'n take her right back," remarked Mrs. Marsh, with her usual decision. She added that Reuben could go right over to Mr. Wallis, who was one of the selectmen, and have the child taken to the poorhouse that very night.

In ten minutes the girl was sound asleep, Mr. Marsh laid her on the lounge and covered her with a shawl. He fed Jack, who ate very hastily and with the utmost greediness and then curled up on the floor by the couch.

Reuben Marsh rose from his bending position over the lounge. He looked his wife squarely in the face, a thing he had not done for years.

She gazed back at him with something like consternation slowly growing in her mind.

"I'm goin' to do one of two things, D'rindy," he said very slowly, "and it's for you to say which it'll be. I'm goin' to keep Tom Ryder's child if he don't take her away from me, 'n' I guess he won't. I'm goin' to keep her here if you're willin'; if you ain't willin' I sh'll go where I can keep her. 'N' she's goin' to be treated well too. Now which shall it be, D'rindy?"

Mr. Marsh, with that delicious love for the child in his heart, looked very big and manly.

Mrs. Marsh mechanically brushed the the stove hearth with a turkey wing before she replied.

"I ruther think, Reuben," she said, "you might's well keep her here."—New York Tribune.

"Jimmieboy has swallowed one of my poems," said Rondow, in despair.

"That's all right," said the doctor. "Mush is good for children."—Puck.

RELICS OF DARK AGES.

BARBARISM PRACTICED BY MANY CIVILIZED NATIONS.

The Fiendish Custom of Torturing Prisoners—Some of the Fearful Modes in Operation in Russia and Turkey—Russians Are Inhuman but Turks Are Worse.

The examination of accused persons by torture is permitted today in only two European states, Turkey and Russia. The method in Russia is illustrated in the experience of forty-six prisoners recently condemned on political charges at Warsaw. The details may seem incredible, but they are circumstantially given by a delegate from Poland to Western Europe, the accuracy of whose statements there is no reason to doubt.

The charge against the forty-six Poles was that of "belonging to a secret society which had for its object to alter, sooner or later, the existing form of government." This they were told verbally, no written document whatsoever being shown to them.

Political suspects are not allowed to seek any legal advice in self defense. The investigation is managed not by judges or lawyers, but by officers of the gendarmerie. The gendarmes are paid double salary while engaged in political investigation, and it is therefore to their interests to protract the process as much as possible.

MAKING A PRISONER INSANE.

Among the accused was one Ladislas Guisbert. He was a private tutor of good reputation. While in prison he fell ill with a fever and became delirious. Little or no care was taken of him, but on the contrary attempts were made to profit by the disturbed condition of his mind to extort confessions from him. The gendarmes hit upon an ingenious device to weaken his mind by breaking up his rest. Every half hour or so during the night they would enter his cell under the pretext of attending to a small oil lamp.

They made such a noise and clatter that the prisoner awoke, and then the gendarmes would question him, thinking that in his half sleepy condition he might make some imprudent answers. Sometimes Colonel Bielanowski caused this unfortunate man to be brought out of his cell after midnight, so that he might sign the minutes or protocol of questions that had been put to him while he was in bed.

Such treatment, inflicted at a moment when the patient was suffering from fever, so aggravated the delirium that ultimately Ladislas Guisbert completely lost his reason. After a time he became a raving lunatic and was removed to a madhouse.

Another prisoner, named Ferdinand Zaleski, was asked to give information about the propaganda carried on in the factories of Warsaw and neighborhood. He refused to turn informer. Thereupon the authorities gave orders that Zaleski should be conveyed to another part of the prison and severely flogged. Colonel Bielanowski accompanied the prisoner and took his seat at a little table well provided with writing materials and directed that the prisoner should be questioned while being flogged.

ONE MAN'S TORTURE.

The colonel was ready to take down his answers, and doubtless had these proved satisfactory the severity of the flogging would have been mitigated. Zaleski bravely endured the torture. He did not answer a question or utter a word. This man had been cruelly tortured because he would not say only what the gendarmes supposed or guessed he might know. The authorities, now fearing that this modern revival of the old and barbaric custom of questioning under torture might, if known, cause the outbreak of serious disturbances in the town, determined to prevent all further communication between the prisoners and their friends and relatives. All permissions for interviews were withdrawn, and it was only at the moment the prisoners were about to leave Warsaw that the authorities allowed them to see their friends. At this interview the truth became known.

In Turkey torture is a regular part of the criminal process, and not, as in Russia, comparatively exceptional. Foreigners, of course, are subject to the jurisdiction of the diplomatic representatives of their respective countries, but the natives, whether Christian or Turk, are at the mercy of the sultan and his agents.

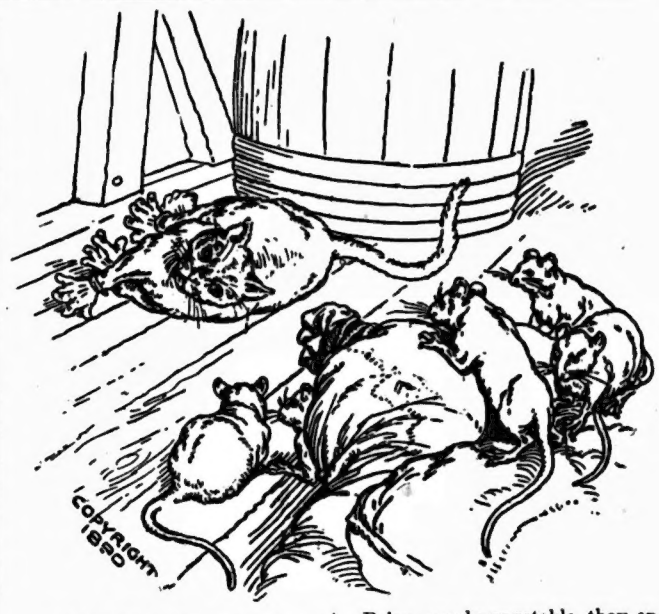
Western forms of trial are unknown, and while imprisonment is the nominal penalty for many crimes, Turkish imprisonment is a lingering death. The methods of extracting information from accused persons in Turkey would be almost incredible in a civilized country

TURKEY EVEN WORSE THAN RUSSIA.

The bastinado is freely applied on suspicion of the most trifling offences. It is true that the beating often includes the penalty of conviction. The magistrate causes the prisoner to be thrashed until he has confessed and then lets him go as sufficiently punished. But suspected political offenders, who in Turkey as in all despotic countries are considered among the gravest, are dealt with in ways that make the bastinado seem a pleasant pastime.

During the panic in Constantinople on the subject of an Armenian insurrection hundreds of Armenians were arrested and thrown into prison. It has been openly charged that several of them died under tortures applied with a view of obtaining evidence of a conspiracy that had no existence. One man was laid in the courtyard of the prison, in the glare of the sun, bound hand and foot, and his face besmeared with some sweet substance to attract flies.

Another was hung up by hands and feet, and still another was compelled to walk up and down, pulled along by soldiers, who relieved each other in detail, never permitting their victim to rest a moment. A number of the Armenians perished in this way before the Turks came to the conclusion that no insurrection was thought of. Then the sultan ordered the wholesale release of all that remained.—Chicago Herald.



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"LOVE CANNOT FAIL."

"Love cannot fail," when Joy grows pale,
And Hope's blithe heart forlorn;
When Sin makes black the shining track
Below the hills of morn;
When Faith is weak, and dare not seek
The Soul's abiding place;
When Doubt doth lift from Time's dark drift,
A wan, bewildered face:

When Pain's keen blade deep wounds has made
From which we vainly shrink;
When Life burns low, with flickering glow,
Above Death's somber brink;
When Earth's last light fades into night,
"And all is said and done"—
"Love cannot fail," and must prevail,
For God and Love are one.
—W. H. Hayne in Sunday School Times.

LIFE IN CALIFORNIA IN '49.

A State of Society in Which Women Had Little or No Part for a Time.

Life in California was at that time a wild romance. No words of mine can describe the scenes that were enacted during that chaotic period. Thousands of men, organized in bands or wholly disorganized, were constantly arriving from every part of the world and leaving for the diggings. Outlaws and professional gamblers opened saloons by the score at every point where men congregated. Money was scattered everywhere as if by the wind. Miners who had realized fortunes in a few days came down to Stockton, Sacramento and San Francisco to squander them in a night. Scarcely a woman was anywhere to be seen. All restraining influences of society were absent, and I cannot find an expression better suited to the case than "Pandemonium on a frolic."

As there were no wives there could be no homes or families. A few stores had been hastily put up along the shore, made of rough boards or canvas, and all of them were doing an enormous business. The rest of the village consisted of shanties or tents used for restaurants and saloons. Human life was a moving panorama. The whole place was alive with a mass of unkempt men clad in flannel shirts and heavy boots, who were inspired with the one desire to hurry on to the mines.

This rough life was not without its touches of sentiment. One day the town was electrified by the rumor that an invoice of women's bonnets had arrived and could be seen at one of the stores. The excitement was intense, and there was a rush from every direction to get a realistic view of even so insignificant a substitute for female society. I do not overstate the truth in saying that the thoughts of home that were awakened in the breasts of the rude looking men at the sight of those bonnets started tears from eyes which the worst forms of privation and hardship had failed to moisten.

The Christian missionary was already on the ground, and good Parson Williams had managed to find a place where he could preach on Sunday. One of the first men who arrived with his family came to one of these meetings attended by his wife and baby. During the sermon it chanced that the baby cried, and the mother was about to withdraw, when the preacher addressed her thus:

"My good woman, I beg you to remain; the innocent sound of that infant's voice is more eloquent than any words I can command. It speaks to the hearts of men whose wives and children are far away, looking and praying for a safe return to their own loved ones at home." Never shall I forget the sobs and tears which those words evoked throughout that rough assembly. That infant's cry seemed to them the music of angels.—John C. Fremont in Century.

Antiquity of Fishing.

Probably no branch of industry can lay claim to greater antiquity than that of fishing. Its origin would seem to be coeval with the earliest efforts of human ingenuity, for the oldest monuments of antiquity show the fisherman in full possession of the implements of his calling, and even those tribes of savages which have learned neither to keep flocks nor to till the fields are skilled in the fabrication of the hook, the fish spear and the net. The earliest civilization of the eastern Mediterranean was begun with fishing. Sidon, which means "the fishery," was originally a fishing village, and its enterprising inhabitants devoted their attention mainly to the collection of a certain kind of molluska, from which they prepared the famous Tyrian purple, prized more highly for the richness and variety of its hues than any other dye known to the ancients.—Washington Star.

Are You Right or Left Handed?

Theories as to the origin and cause of right handedness may be divided as follows: According to one class of theories, it rests on an anatomical basis and depends on a physical cause which exerts its influence in every one of us. According to another class, man originally had no preference for either hand, but became right handed by conventional usages, which may or may not have had their origin in some anatomical features.

For any theory of the first class to be satisfactory it must, first, account for difference in sensation as well as in force or dexterity; second, it must account for the occasional appearance of left handedness; and, third, it must not be inconsistent with the fact that most of those who have their organs transposed—the heart on the right, the liver on the left, etc.—are right handed.—Thomas Dwight, M. D., in Scribner's.

Apparently Quiet in the Coke Region.

HARRISBURG, Pa., April 3.—Gen. Wiley telegraphed as follows to Governor Pattison from Mt Pleasant, Pa.: "I cannot learn of any disturbance in the region. It is wet and disagreeable. People generally remaining at home. Five companies are at Morewood. Twelve companies are here and ready to move in any direction. The coroner's inquest is in session. Will advise later."

At 1 o'clock a telegram was received from Adjt. Gen. McClelland stating that he arrived at Mt. Pleasant at 11 o'clock, and that everything was quiet.

Militia Ordered Out.

PITTSBURG, Pa., April 2.—Governor Pattison has ordered the Tenth regiment of Washington, Pa., and Eighteenth regiment of Pittsburg to assemble and proceed at once to the coke region.

Gen. Booth in a Critical Condition.

LONDON, April 6.—Gen. Booth has returned to this city from Glasgow physically and mentally exhausted, and in a critical condition.

JAUREGUI'S LAST SHOT.

A Bandit Leader Who Feigned Death in Order to Make One More Victim.

During six months the state of Jalisco, Mexico, was the field of operations for that unscrupulous bandit, Demerlio Jauregui. The authorities made many efforts to put a stop to the robberies and murders which Jauregui and his band had been committing, but in spite of these efforts burglaries, abductions and murders by the score were committed by the daring desperado. Things finally came to such a pass that the people of Jalisco grew desperate, and decided that a supreme effort must be made to rid the country of Jauregui. Accordingly a company of infantry was put in readiness to pursue Jauregui at a moment's notice and capture him and his band.

The soldiers did not have long to wait, for they were informed that Jauregui intended to rob the plantation of El Carrizo. The chief of gendarmerie was authorized to station his forces in the vicinity of the plantation and to capture the bandits, alive if possible. While Colonel Jurrea and Lieutenant Celso Gomez, of the Seventieth infantry, were stationed with their soldiers in the vicinity of the plantation they saw Jauregui and his band of six men entering the residence of the owner.

The soldiers at once surrounded the house and demanded the surrender of Jauregui's party. This demand was answered by a murderous volley of bullets from the repeating rifles of the bandits. The soldiers at once returned the fire. The shooting continued till nightfall, when the bandits ceased firing. By this time the soldiers, convinced that discretion was the better part of valor, decided to wait till morning before reopening the battle.

The following morning, however, the soldiers, led by Colonel Jurrea, effected an entrance to the house and there found six of the bandits dead. Their leader, on seeing the soldiers, fled to the attic and barricaded the door. He was followed by two soldiers. One of these was killed instantly by a bullet from the pistol of the bandit chief. The other quickly fired at the port hole from which came the bullet which had killed his companion, and his shot was answered by a groan which showed that it had been effective.

Thinking that the coast was clear the soldiers made their way to the attic and found the bandit king lying on the floor behind an old bed. He was nearly exhausted from loss of blood, but he managed to hold a large revolver in each hand and at once opened fire.

Suddenly he fell back apparently unconscious. A soldier went forward and bent over the old bandit to see if there were any traces of life, when, with a mighty effort, Jauregui raised himself to a sitting posture, shot the soldier through the heart and then died.

In this battle four soldiers were killed outright and eleven were wounded, some of them mortally.

Jauregui's band was one of the worst that ever visited the state of Jalisco. One of the outlaw's favorite schemes was to surround the house of a wealthy planter in the middle of the night and demand large sums of money, valuable horses, and in fact any article that might be of value to the bandits. If these demands were refused the bandits would sometimes murder the planter, and at other times they would make him a prisoner and hold him till an exhorbitant ransom was paid.—Cor. Cleveland World.

Troubles Brought by an Opal.

"People laugh at me," said Mr. Henderson, a drummer, "because I returned an opal ring and took a diamond instead. I am not superstitious, but I will tell you why I will never wear an opal again.

"I started on a tour through the south. Business was good and I put on the ring, for it was a beauty. A few days afterward I lost a valuable charm from my watch chain. Though I offered a reward and advertised diligently I never recovered it. About three days later I was robbed of my pocketbook containing a fine diamond, considerable money and important papers. I began to suspect the ring was the cause of my ill luck, but I couldn't make up my mind to dispose of it.

"A week after I boarded a train going to Columbus, but changed my intentions and got off, taking another one. We were hardly out of town before the train rolled over an embankment, and I was pretty badly hurt. Then I was convinced that the opal was responsible for my bad streak, and I put it in my trunk. I have had no accidents since, and this is the reason why I won't wear an opal again. The jeweler who sold me the stone wouldn't put on the ring for $500, and he now has it up for sale in his show window."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

How Shells Are Classified.

Shells, as we popularly call them, are grouped by naturalists under the head of mollusks, and in the scale of life they represent the sixth great branch of the animal kingdom, following the worms, though some naturalists classify them differently. The branch is divided into classes. First we have the shells with two valves, as the oyster, which is a Lamellibranch, a long word referring to the folds in the animal.

Some of these have siphons and some have not. Then we come to the single shelled mollusks, or gasteropods, so called because they are belly footed. Then there are the shell-less forms, the air breathing mollusks, as snails, and finally the squids, or cephalopods, or head footed, all of which have their peculiarities, and are well worth special study if the reader is interested in shells. The oysters are the lowest forms of the group, the humblest yet the most valuable. A "blue point" in a deep shell represents a vast industry and a delicious morsel.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Rough on De Dude.

De Dude (who does not like a very high collar)—These collars are too high. Show me something lower.

Salesgirl (with dignity)—Those are the cheapest we have, sir. We don't keep slop-shop goods.—New York Weekly.

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Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 170 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Mewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

Ali Safate' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge st.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeen st; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 332 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 323 Wells st; J P Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

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St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seusea, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohana, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2501 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4428 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas F Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E H Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 83 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P O Harbour, C R, 196 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 2258 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 556 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thometz, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 259 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond C Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Faxel, C R, 588 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 286 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 336 Cleveland av; Joseph F Boiden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourne av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Fransen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Scotial hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 228 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 234 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1428 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 430 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Transcht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Legomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierondi, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J E Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 96 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av,

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudrean, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams-sts.
County Delegate, P. E. Flanagan, 3023 Fifth av.
County Secretary, John Dowling, 356 N. Clark.
County Financial Secretary, J. W. Connell, 3715 Lowe av.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W. Erie.

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Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 199 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Levin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. 3—Hugh L. Barron, Pres., 270 W. 14th st; James Carroll, V.-P.; Edward O'Neill, Rec Sec, 1066 Van Horn st; John Farrell, Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 W Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 961 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; P. Lavery, V. P.; Daniel Gordon, Rec. Sec., 609 S. Halsted-st; T. F. White, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 6—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Freil, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 8—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 5256 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; B. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. L. Dunne, Pres., 1720 W. Lake-st.; C. Sullivan, V.-P.; M. J. Barrett, Rec. Sec., 429 S. Halsted st; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec., Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T T Ahern, Pres S Chicago; J J Murphy, V. P.; D Duggan, Rec Sec., S Chicago; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; John McCabe, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m. in Fitzgerman's Hall, South Chicago

Div. No. 11—Pres., M. C. Redmond, 17 Artesian av.; V.-P., P. J. Kane, Rec. Sec., W. G. Graham, 13 Currier st.; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2962 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce, Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Loch st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prenderast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div No. 15—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V.-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Dugan; Treas. James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 8 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Henely; Treas., P. S. Flanagan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N.W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield-sts.

Div. No. 18—Pres., st. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts; V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Brenahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Muicare-Treas., Jos. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av; V.-P., D. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Herbert; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queely's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 23—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 25—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeoghegan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John B. O'Connor; Treas., Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres., J P Dohesy, 2359 Honore st; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. sec., Hugh McNally, 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; V.-P., M. J. Sullivan; Rec. Sec., James Dolan, Box 387 Pullman; Fin. Sec., Peter Tully; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 356 N. Clark st; V.-P. Thomas Fraley; Rec. Sec., John Mulhearn, 40 Artesian av; Fin. Sec., Michael Moore; Treas., James C. King. Meets last Saturday each month at 1086 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 2800 Lowe av; V.-P. J. J. Burke; Rec. Sec., M. J. O'Brien, 3203 Butler st; Fin. Sec., Patrick Quinn; Treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3618 South Halsted st.

Div. 36—President, Michael McCarthy, 610 Thirty-second st; V.-P., Patrick Foley; Rec. Sec., Martin Walsh, 2993 Lyman st.; Fin Sec., Patrick Crimmins; Treas., James Kelly Meet first and third Saturday of each month at 686 Thirty-first st.

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John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

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Rich. Powers, 2617 Dashiel st, Chicago, Ill.
John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.
J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.
Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.
Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.
J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.
T. F. Thornton, 3010 third av, Birmingham, Ala.
Dan'l Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.
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P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.
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Venerable Vanity.

The vanity that survives the decay of every personal charm is, of all foibles, the most ridiculous. One can hardly blame a beautiful woman for rejoicing in the admiration to which her mirror tells her she has a right, or for setting off to the best advantage the physical perfections with which heaven has endowed her; but the withered grandam who was once a Hebe is not excused by her antecedents for attempting the role of Hebe in spite of faded cheeks, lack luster eyes and hair that has depreciated from gold to pewter and is lacquered over to conceal the change.

Looking glasses tell the truth to threescore as to sixteen. They reflect saffron as faithfully as rose, and when the saffron is overlaid with manufactured bloom they tell the enameled elder to her face that it is unnatural. And what the mirror says silently society repeats with a sneer. It is impossible to mistake rouge for the tint of nature. The imposture is as apparent to every observer as if "Beware of paint" were written on the forehead of the pink sancered lady.

Pale young women as well as sallow old ones are much given to coloring their cheeks in this age of personal artifice. Hundreds of girls between the ages of 16 and 20 paint their faces at least as often as they clean their teeth.

Never were there more counterfeits of nature in circulation than in this our day. It seems to be the fashion to be spurious.—New York Ledger.

A Wonderful Frog Story.

While a large pine log was being sawed into lumber at Brown & Hall's sawmill near Acton, Ont., after the outside slab and one board had been cut off, and while the workmen were turning over the log preparatory to "squaring" it, they were surprised to see a large toad poke his head out of a hole, where he was imbedded, and where he had barely escaped being cut up by the saw.

How the creature ever got there is a mystery, as he was completely encased in the wood, with no possible means of ingress or egress. As the log was the fourth or fifth up from the butt of the tree, his position must have been at least fifty or sixty feet from the ground. There is but one way of accounting for the fact that he was found in the position named. He had grown up with the tree from infancy, and was probably hundreds of years old when the saw awoke him from his long nap.

The animal was quite fat, and nearly as large across as a man's hand. The tree in which he was found was perfectly sound, with the exception of a decayed spot about a foot in length below the hollow place in which he was imbedded.—St. Louis Republic.

Have Plenty Air in the House.

It isn't drugs or medicine that is needed at all; it is plenty of the purest air that can be had. Open the windows and the doors, clean out the cellar and ventilate it thoroughly, remove the dampness, the mustiness, the ancient odor, the smell of decay which greets the nostrils when one enters from the health giving atmosphere out of doors. Never mind if the outer air bears the taint of the gas house, the manufactory or some other unpleasant thing; it is also mingled with the health and strength giving forces of nature, and is certainly better for the human system than the same air which has been shut up and contaminated for an indefinite period, with no chance for purification.

Don't mind, even, if a little dust is brought in; a few minutes with the duster will put the whole house in perfect order again, and even at the worst, dust is not half so bad as disease. And as for the fear of draughts, with colds and a thousand resultant evils following in their train, nineteen-twentieths of that is imaginary, and the other twentieth is easily avoidable.—Good Housekeeping.

The "Motion" Was a Beggar.

Fulton one time went to see a perpetual motion machine, having a friend with him. After sitting and listening and looking intently for a few minutes, Fulton's sensitively accurate ear and eye told him that the machinery showed the recurring alternation of comparative speed and slowness which always comes from a crank turned by hand.

In spite of the opposition of the [illegible] exhibitor, Fulton and [illegible] seized the machine, jerked away the table it stood on, found [illegible] a cord led through one leg [illegible] under the floor, and follo[illegible] tract into the back yard [illegible] the "motion"—a venera[illegible] seated on a stool, [illegible] at a crust and grinding [illegible] crank.—Chicago Herald.

Electric Conduits of Paper.

Paper tubes are now being used as conduits for electric cables, water, gas and other purposes. The method of their manufacture is interesting. The width of the paper is equal to the length of a given pipe. The paper is first run through molten asphalt and is then rolled upon a mandrel of wood, the size of which determines the diameter of the pipe. When cool the inside of the pipe is covered with a certain kind of enamel and the outside with a composition of bituminous lacquer and sand, and it is said that a comparatively thin pipe will stand a very powerful pressure.—New York Telegram.

From Different Standpoints.

Ethel—Oh, at last! It has been years, Alphonse, since I saw you.

Alphonse—Oh, my own Ethel, it has been centuries!

Ethel's Father (up in the library)—Mary Jane, who was that you just let in?

Mary Jane—It was Mr. Cumlots, sir.

Ethel's Father—Great guns! this is the ninth time he's been here this week. He might as well live here.—London Tit-Bits.

Her Changed Estate.

Mistress (to former servant)—Where are you living now, Bridget?

Bridget (haughtily)—Shure, mum, Oi don't live any where. Oi'm married.—Kate Field's Washington.

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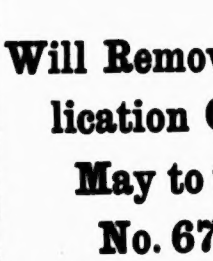

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The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, will be ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him on and after Monday, Sept. 1, 1890. No fee charged if claim is not allowed.

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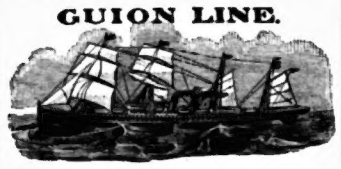

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK —ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. March Term, A. D 1891 Mary Haynes vs. Charles Haynes. In Chancery. No. 90,128.

Notice is hereby given to the said Charles Haynes that the above named complainant herstofore filed her bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April A. D. 1891, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

HENRY BEST, Clerk.
James McEnerny, Complainant's Solicitor.

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